THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 14, 1934

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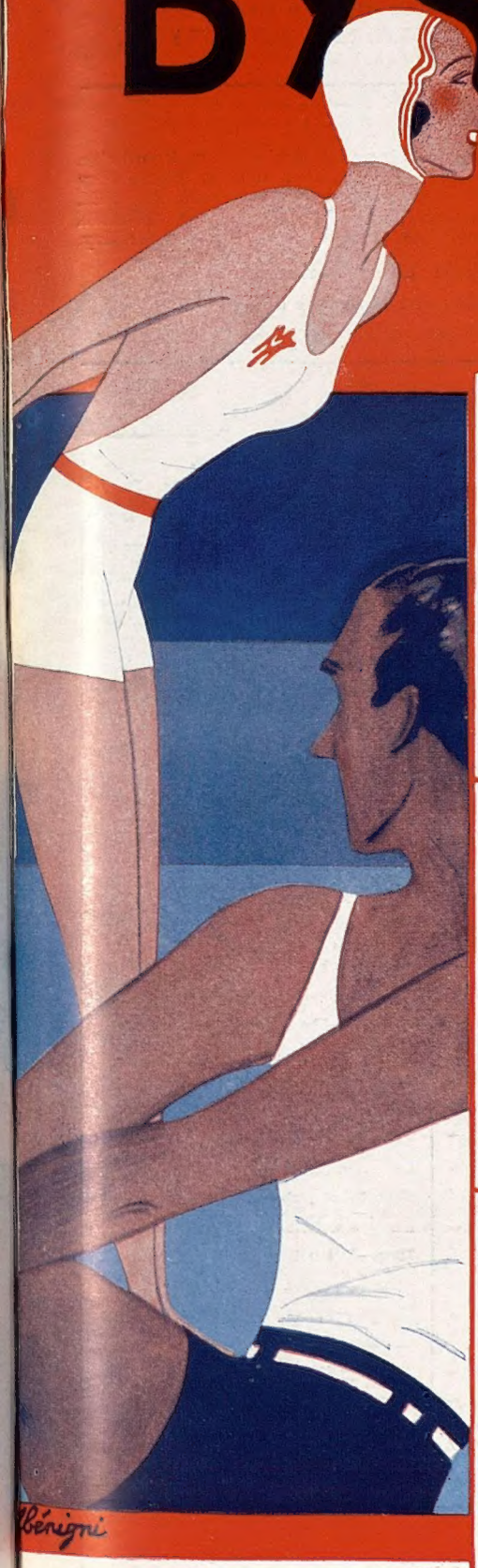
The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/-

"THEIR NATIVE HEATH"—No. 7. Roehampton Club

The Changing Social Map—by Miron



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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, August 14, 1934 No. 1600. Vol. CXXIII.

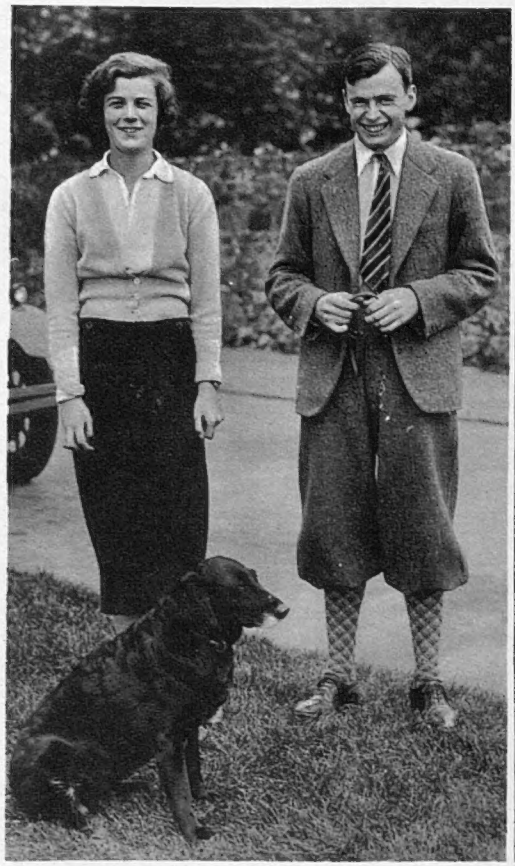
The BYSTANDER

Tunbridge

THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON

A new portrait of Lady Haddington and her baby daughter, Mary, who was born early this year. Lady Haddington was Miss Sarah Cook, of Montreal, and married the Earl of Haddington in 1923; she is a sister of the Countess of Minto. Lord Haddington was in the Scots Greys, saw war service from 1915 to 1918, and is a Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers. The Haddington place is Tyninghame, near Prestonkirk, in Haddingtonshire

ROUND



Debs and Young-Marrieds at North Berwick

The Hon. David and Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson have been staying at North Berwick; they were married this summer. Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson was Miss Barbara Wyld; her husband is the Earl of Donoughmore's younger son. Their dog is called Nettle

Miss Anne Wyngate Grey, daughter of Major W. S. Wyngate Grey, R.A., and Miss Gwyneth Ballantine, who are playing golf together at North Berwick, are two of this year's Scottish debs. They were presented at the Holyrood Court in July

Three of Monte

The Hon. Mrs. Joan Carey has deserted Frinton for the Riviera, and is out there for a month. She is having a great success in Monte Carlo, where she is staying, and is even voted lovelier than "Les Girls"

Swaebe

Canterbury Festival Cricket Week

Above: Miss Rosemary Lucas-Tooth, Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh, Miss Christine Lucas-Tooth, and Miss Stephenson watching the Kent v. Somerset match on the County ground, Canterbury

Right: Mr. Luxmoore, Miss A. Tritton, Mr. R. Wilberforce, Richard Luxmoore; behind, Miss B. Luxmoore, Mr. N. Blair, Miss H. Luxmoore. Mr. Luxmoore owns Bilsington Priory, Ashford

Swaebe

ABOUT

Carlo's Young Visitors

Miss Betty Harbord and her brother, Ralph Harbord, are migrants from Yorkshire. Ralph Harbord and his elder brother, Billy, are winter sports cracks, and liable to do big things on the St. Moritz Cresta

On Parade at Cowes

Above: Colonel the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Lambton were at Cowes last week with their daughter, Diana, who came out two years ago, and their son, Charles, who is thirteen

Right: Mrs. de Lande Long and her daughter had amusing Cowes Week hats. They are talking to Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who has a house in Bembridge. The de Lande Longs live in the Island, at Wootton

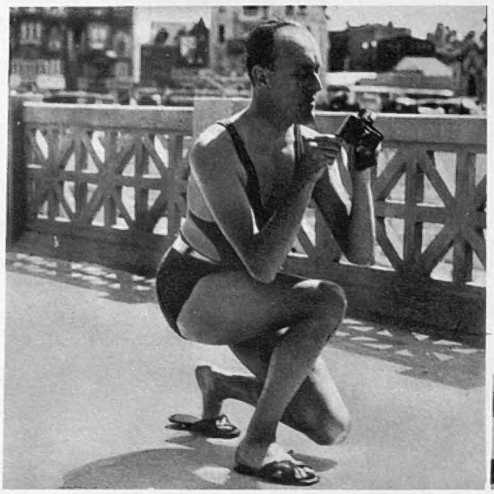
Below, left: Lord and Lady Tiverton, and Lady Tiverton's sister, Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart, at a garden-fête at Kellie Castle, near Arbroath

Below: the Earl of Lauderdale, Lady Georgina Hay, Lord and Lady Tweeddale's débutante daughter, and Captain Dalton at Thirlestane Castle, for the fête held in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing

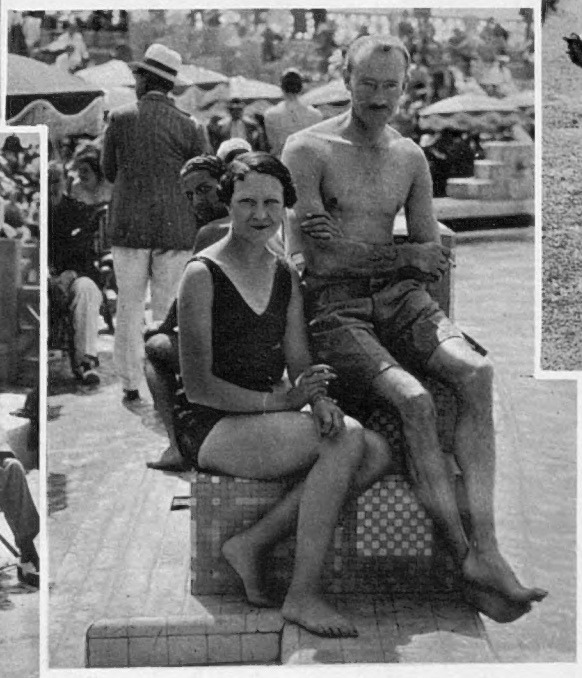
Garden Fêtes at Scottish Castles

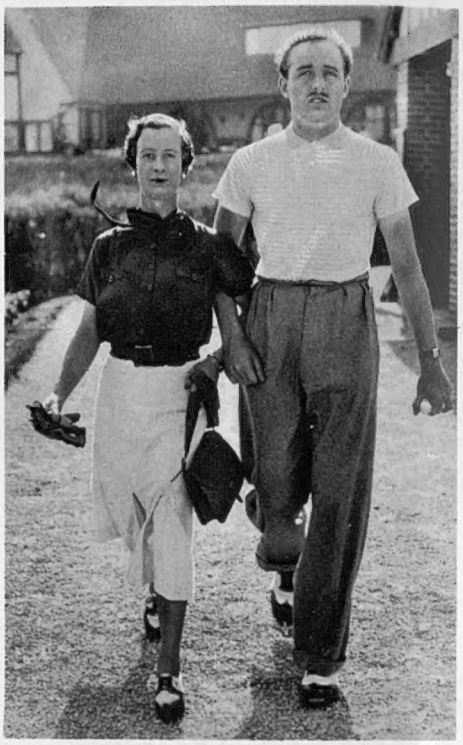
Mayfair Week-End

At Le Touquet Again



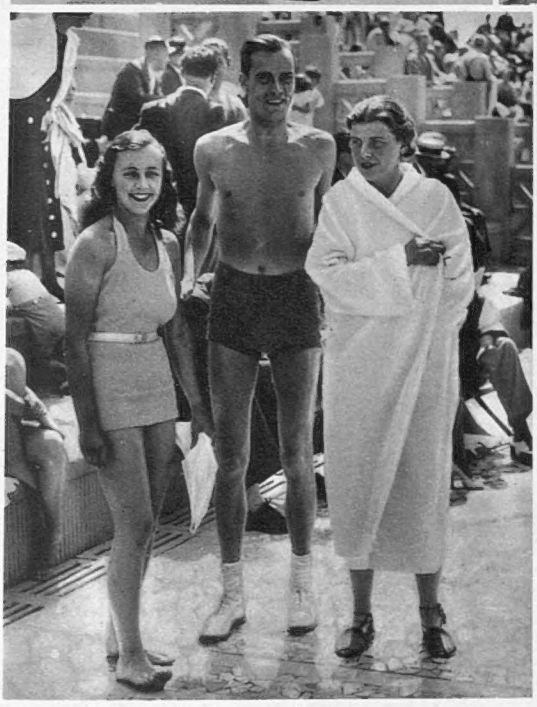
Left: Sir Anthony Weldon gets his little camera set for swimming-pool photography. He was staying in Mrs. Syrie Maugham's party at her villa





Above: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Fleming played some honeymoon golf. Mrs Fleming was Miss Letitia Borthwick

Left: another couple who spent the week-end across the Channel were the Countess de Pret Roose and Major Carlos Clarke



Miss M. Jackaman and Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Delaveigne spent some pleasant bits of their Le Touquet week-end swimming and sunbathing

Above: Mr. Charles Mills, Mrs. Jack Fielden and Mrs. Donald Cameron walking out to the first tee. The golf-course was most thickly populated in the interval between tea and dinner

Left: Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys massages his wife's leg before she swims. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys' butterfly transfer just below her left shoulder was one of the features of the week-end

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 63.

Noel Coward

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

IF it were not August I would take off my hat to Noel Coward. There never has been anyone—at least, not in my recollection—who has ever had such a gift for application. There are no half-measures. Why, even if he gets ill he gets acute appendicitis. He has taught himself acting—though he overdoes it a bit—composing, writing and producing. His ripostes to those who try to cross swords with him are brilliant and repeated by people who invariably say at some stage or another, in a very smug manner, "But, of course, *I* know the real Noel." What is the real Noel? Well, he is doing it in an autobiography of one hundred and thirty thousand words, and I have only five hundred at my disposal. But I can say this. Noel is almost sloppily sentimental at heart, but is scared to death of anyone ever guessing it. That is why he has acquired the manner and appearance of a piece of carved Chinese wood—or a stage Red Indian—at which he has been so successful, indeed, that his red blood has been sublimated into the best mahogany wood-pulp.

EVERYONE knows that his mother kept a boarding-house in Ebury Street. Not everyone knows that he had a year in the Army in 1918. Everyone admires his lyrics. It is not common knowledge that he has a rhyming dictionary (and why not, indeed?). Noel never by any chance gives parties (and very seldom goes to them). He has, in consequence, saved over a hundred thousand pounds. Nothing more unlike his private life can be imagined than the public's conception of it. Actually he is that extraordinary mixture, an exotic ascetic—exotic in his surroundings and ascetic in his habits. I don't like some of his friends. But doubtless they don't like me. Still less do I like them referring to him, even in his hearing, as "the Master." And yet Noel is intensely lonely and earnest. He began *Cavalcade* with his tongue in his cheek and nearly bit it off while completing the script.

He has a house in Sussex. This is near Dymchurch, where his father and mother live, called "The Wood of Pan," and a statue of the god presides over the garden. He also has a studio flat near Gerald Row police station.

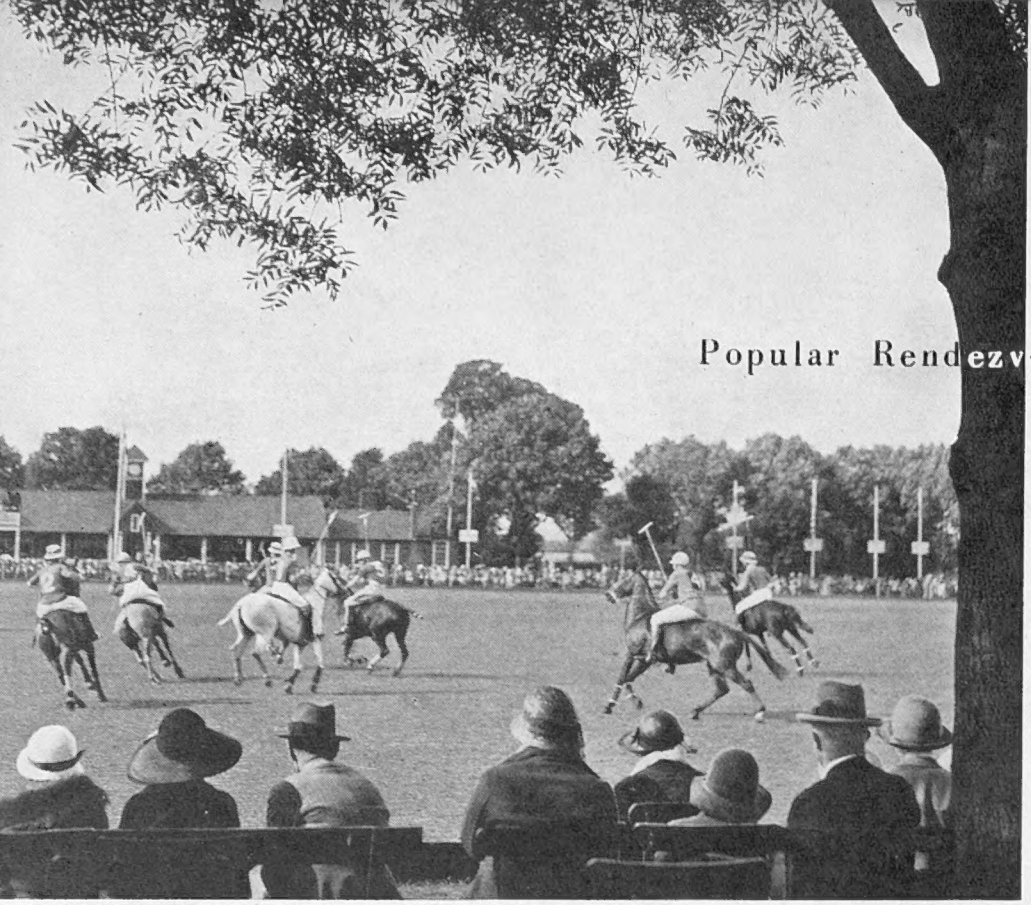
Where does he get his talent? Well, his grandfather was a considerable organist and was one of the pioneers of the Glee Club movement. He himself is not much of a pianist and would be the first to admit how much he owes, musically, to Elsie April. He is a small eater, has a very lengthy handshake, a habit of turning down the corners of his mouth when he laughs, and of italicising his adverbs when he is talking. He is very particular about his clothes, belongs to no clubs, as far as I know, drives a car, had a brother, Eric, who died, and turned the corner with *Vortex*.

Their Native Heath . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 7.—ROEHAMPTON

By Charles Graves



OF the three Polo Clubs in London, Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton, the last-named undoubtedly has the youngest and the most cheerful atmosphere—almost Irish, in fact. The average age of the members is between twenty-eight and thirty, and there is a larger influx of young members from the Universities than at the other two put together. It was founded in 1902 by Colonel G. C. Miller, the world's champion pig-sticker and rose-tree pruner, with a capital of seven thousand pounds and one member—the late Sir Arthur Fitzhenry Darley.

In those days it was evident that Hurlingham and Ranelagh could not provide sufficient facilities for polo, so Colonel Miller took a seven years' lease on a few acres of land and started a couple of polo grounds. Sir George Hastings, of Ranelagh, refused to believe that the new club could survive for even two years, but it went from strength to strength. Six years ago, exercising a pre-war option, Colonel Miller bought the freehold of the one hundred and ten acres which now comprise Roehampton Club. The price he paid was sixty-six thousand pounds. Off-hand, I should say that it is now worth at least a quarter of a million, in view of the boom in building development, which it is hoped, however, will never affect the club or its two thousand four hundred members.

Primarily a Polo Club, it has to-day thirty-two tennis courts, twelve croquet lawns, three squash courts, two swimming-pools, an open-air riding school, and stabling for a hundred and eighty polo ponies. There is also, of course, the golf-course, where the professional champions do their best each year to lower the record of 67.

THE polo is in charge of Colonel Lister—ginger-haired and limping—late of the 17th-21st Lancers. He is the best polo manager in the country, and will spend three hours on the telephone trying to arrange to get the veriest rabbit a game. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, probably the most promising young polo player in the country, is one of the leading lights of Roehampton. He is a beautiful horseman, never gets rattled, has a lot of practice, plays 2 or 3 equally well, and wears a jersey so high-necked that it looks as though it throttles him.

Another leading light is Pat Roark, with whom I dealt in my article on Hurlingham. Then there is Major Philip Magor, known as "King Panther," in view of the side which he runs and for whom he plays back. He also helps to run the polo at Minehead. He has a large stud of ponies, and once won a big sweepstake in the Argentine—the usual story of buying the last ticket over the bar. Dudley Frost is a promising Number One, and is always knocking a polo ball about. The fourth member of the Panthers (Pat Roark being the third) is a variable quantity.

"Chicken" Walford, who plays back for the Cavaliers, only returned five weeks before the end of the season. He and his father have taken a bungalow at Roehampton, to be on the spot. Some call it Virtue Villa. "Loonie" Hinde, of the 19th Hussars, must be associated with him in this team, though the other two members, Mike Ansell and "Frizz" Fowler, who is a Gunner, are not members of the Club. The call of youth at Roehampton is noticeable even at polo, where there are ponies of all sizes to fit the amateur legs of the rising generation.

ON the golf-course the ex-King of Spain is frequently to be seen, as he is no longer allowed to play polo, by doctor's orders. He plays off eight, and is left-handed. On the whole, he is pretty accurate, but is inclined to slice a bit. The caddies adore him. The Aga Kahn is so keen on golf that he often starts before 8.30 a.m., in those white flannels of his which look as though they are held

Baker looks after the croquet lawns *Harry is the groom* *Gibbons is the head gardener* *Bolton is head groundsman* *Woolton looks after the many tennis courts*

Aylmer, Sec. of the golf-course *Col. Lister* *Col. E. D. Miller, the founder* *H. G. Arnold* *Capt. Prior-Palmer* *Capt. C. T. J. Roark*

up only by a miracle. He has a handicap of six, and usually plays with Harry Nash, one of the club-makers. He has a very full swing, never plays for more than half a crown, and never gives a putt. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are both honorary members of the Club, and usually show up in the Household Brigade Tournament, which takes place at Roehampton in the spring. The Prince has yet to beat his brother, I believe, despite all his practice.

The back-markers are Colin Aylmer, who is in charge of the games and still plays off plus two, and Peter Miller, who holds the amateur record—71—and is in the Grenadiers. He plays for the Army, and not long ago won the Open Championship of Egypt. He hits a long ball, has a beautiful swing, a very good temper, and on the only occasion I played him was perfectly ready to play double or quits on the bye. The other regulars include Mackintosh, recently down from Cambridge, Major Chance, A. D. Stocks (one of the famous International Hockey family), Lord Jellicoe, who does not have a caddie and runs round the course like a rabbit, and General Sir Harold Fawcus, formerly Head of Sandhurst, and now, by odd contrast, Head of the Red Cross, who is always down at the turn but nevertheless usually manages to win at the eighteenth.

AMR BEY naturally outshadows all the other squash racquet players at Roehampton. He was taught by "O-Ah" Johnson, and has the legs of a professional. Incidentally, he is one of the few leading amateurs who do not indulge in what is euphemistically known as court tactics. There is also Colonel Davidson, of the War Office, an all-rounder who plays golf, squash, and tennis equally well.

Roehampton being the headquarters of croquet nowadays, it is full of champions and ex-champions. At the head of the list one must put Miss Steel, a small, wiry person, who only gets beaten once a year or so. In the winter, when she cannot play croquet, she hunts, and grooms her own horse herself. She has a jaunty walk, and yet looks very determined in action. Another expert is Colonel du Pre, who is captaining the team that is going out to Australia. He has his own golf-course at Beaconsfield, and is the father of three very good-looking daughters. Another croquet star is Trevor Williams. He used to be an open champion. He was also Canadian open champion. He was also Chairman of H.M.V.—a charming little old gentleman. Yet another ex-open champion is Humphrey Hicks, who never practises, hates the game, but nearly always wins. He is very tall, wears a panama hat, and prefers to play bridge at Crockford's or to try to play golf. Perhaps the greatest stylist is Duff Matthews, who is very quick on the ball (whatever that means). Speaking generally, the croquet contingent are tremendously keen. Indeed, they have been known even to sweep the lawn themselves when it has been covered with snow in the early spring.

THE captain of the lawn tennis team is that sad-eyed, left-handed J. B. Gilbert, who is usually partnered by Gerald Sherwell, the South African, who is as gay as Gilbert is gloomy. Miss Dearman is the best of the women players. She looks very nice on the courts, and does not wear shorts, thank heaven. She plays in the doubles at Wimbledon, and each year gets nearer to the final. The professional is Pearce—very short and very painstaking—who is equally good at squash.

There is no doubt about it, Roehampton is primarily a games club rather than a clubhouse with facilities for games. With the possible exception of polo, people go there to play games instead of to watch other people.

I have said nothing about the bridge, which is run by Mrs. Miller on a very cheerful note. When you have tired croquet players, polo players perhaps a trifle concussed, and lawn tennis enthusiasts who are kept off the courts by tournaments, all playing bridge together, you can imagine that the conventions get slightly mixed. You never can tell whether your partner is going to play the one Club, the two Club, or the Barton Club. The chairman of the Bridge Committee is Captain Emslie Brown. When in the mood he goes down a packet, which is not so popular with his serious croquet-bridge partners. Another dasher is Lady Macpherson, who is always liable to call three no-trumps if you bid a humble club.

(*Continued on page i*)

Major Vint, "doctor" of the swimming-pool

Right: Hubert Marsham, Sec. of the swimming-pool

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Crooning Hath Charms

Sketches by Gitano

Left: Peggy Rivers (Rita Page), who thought she had secured a famous wireless "crooner" as a fiancé, but discovered that he was Ambrose Pilkington (Kenneth Kove), the "crooner's" secretary

Jill Rivers (Jean Colin) and Boyd Whitby (Fred Conyngham), the famous "crooner," provide the sentimental interest in "She Shall Have Music"

Left: Josephine Browne (Viola Tree) remonstrates with her lukewarm fiancé, Freddie Barnes (Reginald Purdell), for singing to another the song that he had composed especially for her, called "June and the Moon and You"

"She Shall Have Music" (Saville)

IF an author were so bold as to invent an entirely new plot for a musical comedy and a bolder management produced it, I shrewdly suspect it would be an utter and absolute failure!

Frankly, I don't believe that audiences which are attracted by the average musical show—and the numbers are large—have the least hankering after originality so far as the story is concerned. They are quite content with the usual joint of boiled mutton, always provided the trimmings are palatable.

Mr. Frank Eyton, author of *She Shall Have Music*, was therefore wise in retaining the old theme in which a misunderstanding occurs between the two principal lovers at 9.45 p.m.—in this instance, the heroine shows such lack of constraint that she smacks the hero's face at the conclusion of Act I.—and bringing the pair together again at 11.10 p.m., or thereabouts, when the curtain finally falls.

So far, at the Saville, it is business as usual, but I do not think that in any previous musical comedy the hero has ever been a "crooner" who, we are given to understand, has made a world-wide reputation by making nasty noises over the air, though I am thankful to say he sticks to ordinary singing on the stage.

ANOTHER novelty is that this play possesses two heroines. They are sisters, and one falls in love with the "crooner," and the other with his imbecile secretary, and as these men swap identities in order that the "crooner"—who, marvellous to relate, hates publicity—may be relieved of the attentions of feminine "fans," you can perhaps guess why the crooning hero, when taking on the secretarial rôle, was physically assaulted, because it must annoy any girl to think that, instead of having hooked a salmon, she has landed a sprat.

The Heroine No. 1 and Hero, who have a monopoly of the sentimental scenes, are played by Jean Colin and Fred Conyngham in the accepted musical-comedy manner, though it was distinctly unfortunate that the word "secretary" constantly cropped up in the latter's speeches, for he seemed incapable of pronouncing it correctly.

Rita Page, cast for the serio-comic heroine, appears to enjoy every moment of it, and her enjoyment is extremely infectious. Kenneth Kove, as the imbecile secretary, is like the description of the sherry in the catalogue, light and very dry. Reginald Purdell gets many laughs out of the part of a journalist (stage variety) who has written a song called "June and the Moon and You," as a loving gesture to a middle-aged actress, of whom Viola Tree makes much. There is an air of "blahdom" about her performance which is extremely funny. Altogether a very cheery show, in which the June Dancers are delightful in an interpolated ballet.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

The Social Map of August

Attended by Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron

Sir Philip Hunloke, Lady Cynthia Colville, and Colonel Richard Charteris on their way to attend a memorial service for the Hon. Mrs. John Gretton at Holy Trinity, Cowes

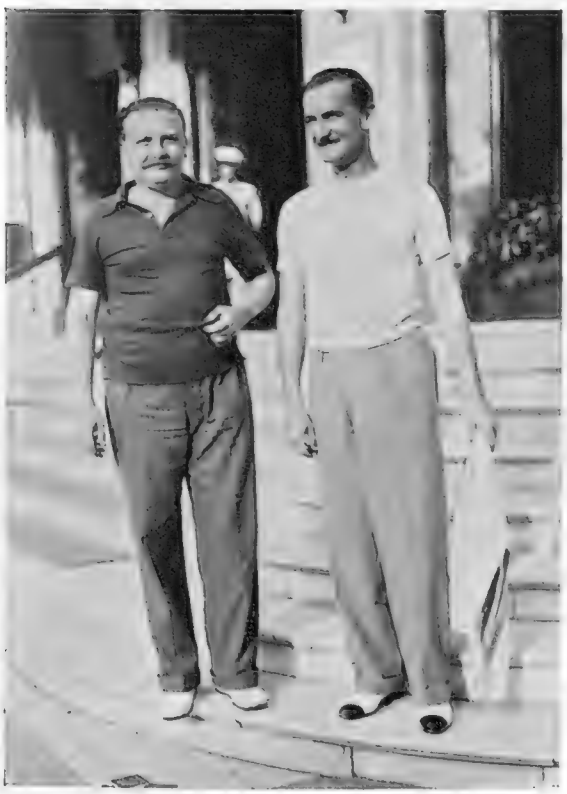
At Cowes Regatta

Above: Count and Countess Cippico, two Italian visitors who are enjoying the festivities

Monte Carlo Visitors

Left: Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey caught, just after bathing at Monte Carlo, in a long coat of towelling. With her is seen Mr. "Nicky" Kasterine

Below: Lady Carnarvon who, with Lord Carnarvon, entertained at Molecomb House (close to the course) during Goodwood week. Among the house-party were Captain Kellet (seen below), Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, and Miss Monica Sheriffe



Motor-Boating from Cannes

Lord Hindlip and Captain D'Arcy Rutherford on the steps of the Casino at Monte Carlo. They came over from Cannes to pay Monte a visit in one of their motor-boats

A Goodwood Gathering

The Changing Social Map

How to Find (or Avoid) Your Friends Abroad . . .

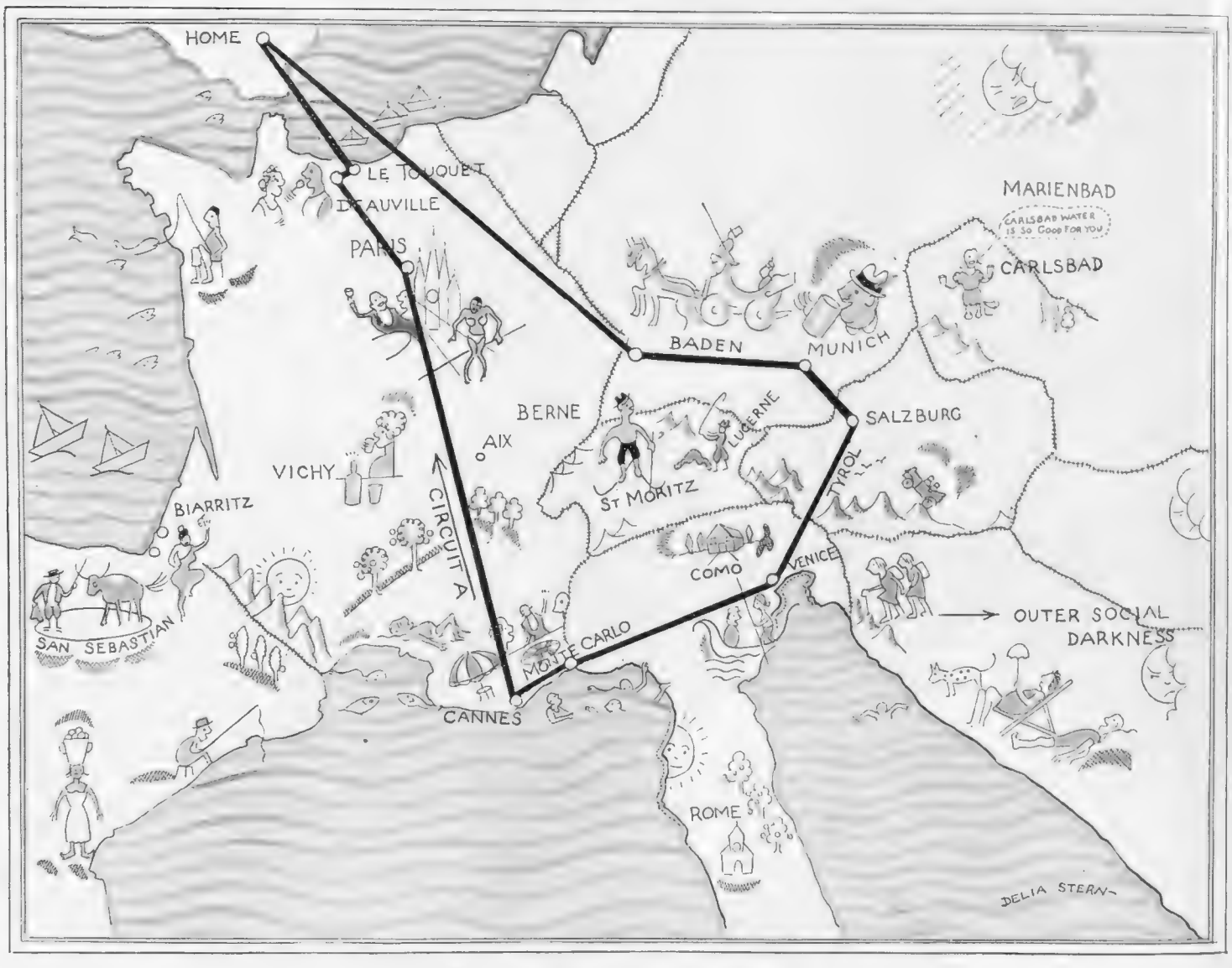
By Mirón

THE Social Map of the Continent is changing and travel agents grow fretful, nervous, starting up at a mere word, as they see country after country dropping out of favour because no one enjoys a holiday amid repressed and silenced natives. Vainly the nations fire off coloured propaganda, and almost pay us to visit them. Those social gipsies who make up the smart, wealthy travel world of 1934 prefer peace, and avoid the countries that can't behave. Our map of the smart but shrinking world will guide (or warn) those who, according to their nature, either feel lonely without their London friends around them or wish for rest and quiet, or like to visit countries where every guest is a hero to the host.

ON the road to nowhere in August is Biarritz, with its attractive French-Spanish world, where the Prince is again spending August. Here are secluded villas, chic, small-boned Spanish duchesses—how they chatter !—the nicest country club anywhere (Chiberta), and lovely little places in the Landes, like Hossegor. There is much golf, and possibly Belmonte to admire in a bull-fight in San Sebastian. Social yachts are dropping into Deauville during its Great Week, and near by the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu is entertaining for her father, Mr. "Bengy" Guinness. Touquet goes French in August—it's always a shock to the inhabitants—and the barmen switch over from whisky to pernod-et-suze. Summer Switzerland, especially St. Moritz, is very much back on the map. On Como Mrs. McCreery entertains at her famous villa, and that most popular of Roman visitors to London, the Duchess of Sermoneta, told me nothing would move her from her villa near the golf at Menaggio, which is one of Europe's vertical golf-courses—you play out with your alpenstock.

Then there are new paradises being discovered down the coast of Dalmatia to compete in some measure with the summer Riviera, which has its fanatical devotees, the finest villas in the world, and a very funny, mixed society. Also Monte is on Circuit A—most popular and varied of the social tours with control-points, where everyone stops to pick up fresh gossip, at Munich, Salzburg, the Tyrol, Venice . . .

CRUELTY to Sub-Dowagers of a most revolting kind has been practised this past fortnight at those Continental cures. These indispensable ladies have been sluiced and hosed, injected and mud-bathed at Marienbad, packed in peat at Carlsbad, weighed before and after meals at Valmont, boiled at Montecatini, beaten and massaged, starved, dieted and generally ill-used everywhere



The Social Map of the Continent

by (bearded) men-in-white. For the first two weeks of August is no-woman's land, when hostesses and guests alike are cured of the London Season. The mildest régime is at old Baden, with famous Doktor Dengler's sanatorium, and leafy streets with the last victorias anywhere, complete with coachmen in tin-hats, while above the town is the purple silence of the Black Forest. The severest régime is at Nauheim, where our Old Dears are sent with the sinister threat "otherwise you won't have the *heart* to face another Season." It 's useful to remember that Marienbad reduces your weight, Carlsbad adds to it—at the latter the old peasants of Western Bohemia pack well-known livers with peat-bags ("full of radium"), the patients bathe in pine-water and drink sour milk. Mackintoshed waitresses attend the hot spring in an unfrocked casino, saying in broad Czech, "Carlsbad-water-is-good-for-you."

The ultra-rich can visit Berne and stay in the Excelsior—which, like the Paris Meurice, is laid out in suites—and consult the mysterious Dr. Kocher. If there were not a Dr. Kocher, the anxious municipality would have to invent him; he is part of their income. At Aix you meet all the French (and the Stanley Baldwins), and at Vichy those fatty Arab *bisaghas* from Algeria—the sheiks can't afford it. . . .

THE Land of Paying Guests, the Tyrol, that Paradise in Trouble, begins, for the adventurous, at Munich, where the best bystanders eat at Waltherspiel, greatest of restaurants, sleep at the Regina, buy that lovely Nymphenburg china, visit the fashionable baroque churches of the Asam brothers ("Chips" Channon's book in hand), and motor across the Alps, by painted villages and crazy castles, past that notorious frontier, where you feel very brave as you look (in vain) for "frontier incidents." The Bavarians and Austrians have been asked to be on their best behaviour for the English season. We all meet in the interval at the Salzburg opera. Those faces we had hoped (or feared, according to our temperament) to have left behind in England are very much there, and plainly registering joy (or dismay) at seeing us. Many have been there often, but some, like Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband, told me they were planning to motor to Salzburg for the first time, en route to Venice and Brioni (the island that likes to be visited).

Life in one of those castles is mixed with strong opera and mild chamois-shooting. The old Baroness is, of course, "ruined," but doing herself proud with liveried footmen and delicious food. Everyone, even the most unlikely, tries the delightful opera. Anxious lovelies later peer into their mirrors, asking, in sudden panic, "Can I be going highbrow?" But the effect disappears quicker than sun-tan, and by the time their cars have crossed the Glockner pass and the Dolomites, reaching Meran and Venice, their talk has resumed the level we all know too well. . . .

THE White Woman's Burden, or the duty of entertaining one's friends, weighs heavily on English hosts abroad. The smarter the guests the less they enjoy, even if they can afford, weeks of hotel life. All July they have manœuvred to collect invitations to parties in schloss, château, palazzo, clos, all calling for very nice calculation, occasionally upset by the failure of one link in the chain. Hence the familiar comedy of the Guest Who Won't Leave. "I don't want you to feel we don't *love* having you here, but we 've so few rooms and three of Dick's most boring friends arrive on Monday." Does that move Little May on to the next control-point? It does not. . . .

VENICE is the climax of our travel, and we get there by easy, restful stages. It is noisy, over-stimulating, exhausting, exciting, irresistible. Sensible Venetians depart as Park Lane and Park Avenue arrive.

The food is the worst in all Europe, the company the most amusing, the background the most dramatic. Enveloped, like a bride, in mosquito netting, you await the (far from) hopeless dawn, while the natives murder in the hot, narrow passages between the palaces (or so it sounds), and you try to forget the torrent of information that greeted you when you arrived a few hours before. ". . . Diana and Duff are here; I 've seen Lady Melchett and Princess Aspasia of Greece in that lovely Eden Garden; Mary Baker, one of London's most popular Americans, has a lovely party staying with her; Mr. Oddom has again collected a very amusing crowd in the Palazza Barbero, which the Cole-Porters will take over later; Victor Cazalet is expected . . . no, Princess de Polignac has broken her custom and gone off with her own party, to Canada of all places . . . yes, Catherine d'Erlanger is here, Sybil Colefax is arriving, the nineteenth-century picture exhibition is divine, the Reinhardt was bad, I 'm at Victor Cunard's . . . ." And presently the sounds of murder grow fainter, and a dreamless sleep prepares you for the morrow's glorious parties. . . .

Lady Diana Cooper

Mrs. Drogo Montagu

Below: *Lady Veronica Hornby*

Baroness d'Erlanger

The Duchess of Sermoneta

Hay Wrightson

Miss Mary Baker

Round the Town

Faces seen by Molly Bishop

Seen above: Lady Mary Lygon, third daughter of Lord Beauchamp, caught at a cocktail-party and wearing a pink printed dress, and Mrs. "Quinny" Gilbey, also present in a printed dress, with brown as its prevailing colour

Right: Miss Hilary Charles, Mrs. Portman's sister, whose husband is seen below pictured by Molly Bishop. Miss Hilary Charles is one of the younger set who has taken to the films

Mrs. James Beck, in a black suit made of amusing quilted material by Schiaparelli, and wearing a hat of black, also caught at a cocktail-party held recently

Right: Mr. Michael Portman, whose infant son was lately christened. He married one of the Charles sisters, Miss June Charles, whose portrait, complete with baby, appeared in our last week's issue

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Watch-Winding

MR. BALDWIN threw a pretty little bomb into the political arena (technical term for the muddled thinking which goes on in the Governmental circles in any country) when he announced that our frontier was no longer the white cliffs of Dover, but the Rhine. Having shot this one off, he departed, with the rest of the Parliament boys, for a holiday, whistling carelessly, we doubt not, and throwing an occasional stone at a cat, and sucking a large lump of toffee. Those of us who are left behind are at leisure to wonder exactly what he meant. Twenty years ago we used to sing a song about Winding up the Watch on the Rhine. It appears that now we 've got to do the watching ourselves. The War to End War, wasn't it? Or wasn't it?

What's Wrong with British Sport?

THE same old cry ascends daily to the heavens from the serried (or should it be sherried?) ranks of West End clubmen, but now it has a slightly different meaning. If you listen carefully you will hear a slightly petulant note in it—a sort of querulous cry, as of a root-eating wombat complaining to its mate about the quality of the mangold-wurzels. It is, of course, the wail of the old gentlemen at finding that their pet grievance has been ruthlessly torn from them by the younger generation. For years they have been lying back in their arm-chairs and pointing out that the country has been let down once again, and that there never was anyone to compare with the Doherty brothers; and, after all, what can you expect, when cricketers wear pads and gloves instead of taking hard knocks, as we used to in the good old days, dammit? But all that is sadly changed. Cotton performs incredible feats in the Open Golf, Perry and Miss Round win at Wimbledon, the Davis Cup is retained with ease, Leander win the Grand at Henley, our runners defeat France and the American Universities. If we win the final Test Match, it will be the last straw.

Society Note

A STRANGE side-light on contemporary manners and modes among our brightest and best is thrown by a lady who was speaking at a Congress for the boosting of what is erroneously called Temperance. (Temperance is the virtue of Moderation. Prohibition is just as intemperate as Intoxication.) This lady said that when "better-class women" saw charwomen drinking gin in public-houses they "held up their hands in holy horror, while they themselves had probably come from a cocktail-party, where they had been drinking gin in a beautiful drawing-room." This aspect of life in Mayfair had, we confess, escaped us. But we can picture it in our minds, now that we have been told about it. We can see the steady stream of better-class women coming out of a beautiful drawing-room and going straight into the Saloon bar of the "Beetle and Oyster" for a quick double, and there—heavens! a charwoman is having a gin. Up go the exquisitely manicured hands. A look of sanctity and horror is delicately registered upon the finely-chiselled oval and the hypocrite totters round to the Jugs and Bottles in order to have the final binder. Oh, take away all "temperance" fanatics!

"I'd like to take 'Helen of Troy' out for the week-end"

"A.P.H." Again

BY the way, while we are talking about the Prohibition cranks, Mr. A. P. Herbert has done good service by exposing their idiotic argument that people ought not to drink, because several very good cricketers are tee-totallers. Was there ever such a season, asks Mr. Herbert, in effect, when first-class cricketers have had such a welter of illnesses, and accidents, and sore throats and strains and sprains—not to mention loss of temper and general liverishness? W. G. Grace liked his glass of ale, too, and was there ever a fitter man than the Doctor?

"Passing Brompton Road"

NEVER again shall we hear that familiar cry of the Tube officials, for Brompton Road Station has been closed. It was an irritating cry for those of the citizenry who lived in the

neighbourhood, but it had the one compensation that it reminded me of the ever-enchanting Miss Marie Tempest. For she once appeared in a play of that name.

Keep the Fun Clean

THE International Lawn Tennis Federation has resolutely turned down the suggestion that Open Tournaments should be held in which Amateurs and Professionals could both compete. The motives of the Federation are clear. It does not want the pure-souled boys and girls who play the game for the love of the game (Stand still, there, can't you), who would never dream of accepting a penny for their skill, to be contaminated by contact with the mercenaries, those rough fellows who come on to the courts roaring for their hotel expenses, and shouting blatant accusations against the honesty of the linesmen, and insinuating that the amount of the " gate " has been cooked. It would be intolerable if our gentle little amateurs were not to be protected against such a lowering influence. Why, they might even get ideas into their heads, and start asking questions about their own hotel expenses. It would be a thousand pities if a sort of sham amateur (or, if we may daringly coin a phrase, a Shamateur) were to come into existence. Happily, the firm line of the Federation will prevent such a calamity, and in the meantime we are authorised to deny, with all the emphasis at our command, the suggestion that the Federation is only trying to protect the Professionals against the influence of the Amateurs.

" It's just not quite *me, somehow, is it? "*

" Quick! Save that! It doesn't matter about me "

A Correction

IN response to numerous correspondents, we think it only right to explain the true meaning of a head-line which appeared in one of our less literate contemporaries last week. The words, " Endeavour among bad Swells " did not in any way refer to a recrudescence of the wicked old days at the stage-door of the Gaiety, when the toffs were trying to get off with the chorus-girls (or, as they are more genteelly described in the villainous language of to-day, the Ladies of the Dancing Ensemble). The head-line did not mean that sort of Endeavour, of Badness, or of Swell. It was simply the latest bulletin about Mr. Sopwith's racing-yacht and the character of the seas through which it happened to be passing at the time.

Hugaboo, Baby, on the Tree-Top

LADIES and Gentlemen, it is our pleasant duty this week to award the first prize for Hugaboo to the Vice-Provost of Eton. (Loud applause. The boating-song played on a harmonium. Not a dry eye. Not a throat unlumped.) You will remember that this prize is awarded to the most poignant saying of the week, and it consists of a copy of *The Fourth Form at St. Ursula's*, autographed by Sir J. M. Barrie. Mr. C. H. K. Marten gets it this week, and we feel sure that you will agree that for sheer winsomeness he is hard to beat. For he is reported to have said, of the London Elementary schoolboys who have

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 11.—Beedales

A background of red with neat stripes, blue and white,
Affords those who see it a colourful sight
To fill every patriot's heart with delight

A THOROUGH segregation of the sexes
Is quite unknown at Beedales, be it said;
A problem of that nature never vexes
Establishments one tersely terms "co-ed,"
So boys and girls in unison here tread
The paths of happy childhood side by side,
Or on their little bicycles they ride
(Having, of course, solicited permission)
Round and about the pleasant countryside
On some official jaunt called "Expedition."

Before the school sets out in the direction
Of Old Hall, where they eat their meals each day,
Is held a hand-and-handkerchief inspection
Which is conducted in a casual way,
As cleanliness is very much au fait,
Since, unlike other schools, small fry do not
Have cause to show up grubby, tired and hot
Through fagging for some prefect harsh and cruel
Who loves to give an erring kid "what's what,"
And with a swagger-stick dole out his gruel.

No grub-shop lifts its head to lure the shallow
Or weak of purpose there to grow replete
By purchasing the villainous marshmallow
And other horrors which it's wrong to eat
For though their motto's *not* "Sweet to the sweet,"
Some recompenses are provided here
For each brave boy and dainty little dear;
Thus, Merry Evenings bring them wholesome pleasure,
And Wet Runs for the boys, when days are drear,
Prove busy Beedales shines at work and leisure.

B. W.

been cricketing at Eton: "They always wear the most beautiful white trousers, and have a smart cap designed by an artist. We at Eton cannot afford to have such smart clothes nowadays."

And now, if the Vice-Provost will be kind enough to step forward, we will call upon Lady Chastitia Verrey-Verrey-Queare to present the prize, after which Lieutenant-General Sir Cyprian Milke will address us on "The Straight Bat: its Rôle in Life." Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

An Understatement

IF ever a man had an iron control over his use of words that man is Major Kempner, an American, who went up in a giant balloon a few days ago to penetrate into the stratosphere. He went up a matter of seven miles and then things began to go wrong. His first radio message was graphic enough: "Balloon ripped underneath." His second was even more startling: "Hanging in mid-air and unable to descend. Lives endangered." You and I at this point would have lost our heads and started bunging off frantic messages in all directions. But not the gallant Major. His third message ran: "We are pretty busy. I do not know what to expect."

An Overstatement

CONTRAST the Major's quiet modesty with the engaging little claim that the official organ of the Socialist Party makes for the Socialist Members of the House of Commons. "They have had to make themselves masters of every subject under the sun," observes this bright little sheet, "in order to hold their own against the massed experts on the Government benches."

We have heard nothing quite so sweeping since an American lady of our acquaintance remarked, in describing the superiority of American educational methods over all others: "Every child in the United States has mastered botany and astronomy at the age of four."

Gallic Wise-Crack

WHEN M. Coty, the scent-manufacturer, who has just died, ran into financial storms during the last years of his life, he was compelled to sell or liquidate the newspapers in which he had carried on his propaganda and advertisements. When one of them, *L'Ami du Peuple*, went bust, the famous caricaturist, "Sem," reversed the ancient proverb and said, "L'odeur n'a plus d'argent."

That Reduction

SINCE we printed, a week or two ago, the latest red-hot news on the subject of the Reduction of Armaments, the United States have published their official programme of what they are prepared to do in fraternal co-operation with the rest of the world. The Secretary of the Navy has announced that the first step in Reduction will be the laying-down of 4 new cruisers, 12 destroyers and 6 submarines. As if this was not a sufficient gesture, the U.S.A. will next year lay down 24 ships, and in 1936 another 21, and by 1939 altogether 156 will have been laid down. This ought to be pretty nearly the entire U.S. Navy. (What? To lay down a ship means to build a new one? Are you sure? We always thought it meant "to lay it aside" to "scrap," as it were. As you say in letters, "I will now lay down my pen." Well, well, well. Who would have thought it? That rather spoils the effect of the paragraph, doesn't it? Never mind. Let it stand. No one will read it, anyway.)

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Sorry, boss. We just couldn't bear to wake you up"

"*Stand Up and Cheer*"

Warner Baxter and the child actress, Shirley Temple, who gives a devastatingly clever performance in this American film, suggested by Will Rogers and Philip Klein, which is supposed to have been prepared as an antidote to the depression there

The Passing Picture Show

The Larger Lunacy

By Sydney Tremayne

"*Cock-Eyed Cavaliers*"

Robert Woolsey in a mad, modern-mediæval burlesque, longs to draw his sword in defence of Dorothy Lee, but finds it fixed in the scabbard

It may be unkind to judge the film *Lilies of the Field* by imperishable memories of the play, and less than fair to Winifred Shotter to compare her with the incomparable Meggie Albanesi. Those who are unfortunate enough not to have seen the stage play may be fortunate enough to derive amusement from this emasculated screen-version of over-polite social comedy.

One of two daughters of a country parson has the opportunity of a season in London under the chaperonage of her grandmother, and conceives the idea of creating a sensation by "going all Victorian." Meggie Albanesi imbued the part with a subtle, sly demureness that was irresistible. Winifred Shotter trips and prinks and prances about in exaggerated clothes, with exaggerated gestures and moués which would have made her a laughing-stock instead of a "craze" in any social circle. The trouble is that she is a charming-looking brunette, eminently suited to exchange vapidities with Mr. Ralph Lynn and submit the other cheek to Mr. Tom Walls's amative assaults, but she is not an actress, and this trifle of social satire calls for a delicate perception and expression of character, and both the lady and the producers quite fail to capture its spirit.

One is thankful for the finished performance of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who, however, although she has every right to do so, having been the idol of our fathers in their undergraduate days, does not look like a grandmother. Anthony Bushell, who is overcoming the handicap of the blue-eyed boy impression he gave, and proving himself an actor, managed to convey most of the bewilderment, forbearance and humour inherent in the part of the lover, who cures the damsel of her affectation by pretending to be converted and arriving, to take her to the Berkeley, in clothes as ridiculously "fancy" as her own. Claud Hulbert repeats himself as the silly ass, but contributes welcome humour with ease, while all the other players seem to be struggling with the impossible, except Miss Shotter, who is sublimely unconscious that there is anything amiss.

Will Rogers and Philip Klein suggested the "idea" for *Stand Up and Cheer*. One recognises it as that of a commentating comedian. Its execution has resolved itself into a medley of madness which is as patchily entertaining as it is bewildering. Political propaganda? Allegory? "Show stuff"? Every photographic device is used, sometimes ingeniously, sometimes too blatantly for words, and continuity (once the first word in the film craftsman's credo) is thrown to the winds. This is indeed a *motion* picture—a whirligig of talent turned loose, ideas run riot and spectacle without synthesis.

To extract the core: the President of the U.S.A. (a discreetly anonymous back-head), to combat depression, appoints a "showman" as secretary of an Amusement Department. The serious, senatorial treatment of the inauguration of this fantasy got the first laugh! Then, suddenly, the film enters different dimensions: the flashes—they are no more—of workers in all domains succumbing to the exhortation of a song, "I 'm Laughing," are excellently done. A negro "meeting," with shadows used in a way reminiscent of *Porgie*, and a fat black lady, Aunt Jemima (famous "on the air" in America), leading the singing, is outstanding. Then there are more tedious assemblies of black-coated gentlemen, for and against the project, interlarded with the spectacular show numbers which are to dissipate depression: some of them are talented variety acts, some of them just those "white-headed girls" and their limbs against dazzling backgrounds.

Impossible to enumerate individual successes, but Warner Baxter is the showman, Madge Evans the girl-friend. That child Shirley Temple is a phenomenon: it is almost frightening to see anyone so young, so *finished*. She sings, she dances, and has the gestures of a trained "chorine," the assurance of Mae West. John Boles sings, so does James Dunn, and there is a new, robust and promising baritone, Nick Foran, who appears finally riding a white horse through the clouds. Shades of *The Four Horsemen* and *The Thief of Baghdad*!

The dialogue depends on rapidity and lines of this calibre: "You love children?" "I 'm crazy about them." "So 'm I. I was one myself."

In *Cock-eyed Cavaliers*, Wheeler and Woolsey are transported to—or deported into—the mediæval world, and they amused me vastly (and for the first time!). The essential humour lies in the deliberate anachronisms, the American slang and accent, and modern interpretations in juxtaposition to the elaborate historical settings and costumes.

Wheeler and Woolsey (forgive me, but I do not know which is which!) are itinerant adventurers who arrive in a village riding on the under-springs of a Duke's coach. W. 1 has kleptomaniac impulses, prefaced by a vacant look. The Duke's horses disappear. W.2 restores them. The coach has gone. The two W's are pilloried, but escape with a boy, who is a girl (Dorothy Lee) running away from marriage with a fat Baron (Noah Beery). They impersonate a doctor and his assistant sent to the Baron by the King, and the rest of the farcical action and complications take place at the Baron's hunting-lodge. Noah Beery sings a song in the deepest bass I have ever heard. Thelma Todd is almost inhumanly pretty. It is all utter nonsense, but very funny and brilliantly produced.

Wheeler, or Woolsey: "Aren't we men of iron?"; Woolsey, or Wheeler: "Yes. But I'm a bit rusty to-day."

ON THE MOORS

COMPLETE

A GOOD LUNCH

WITH

DEWAR'S

The Famous "White Label"

Idols in Wood: No. 14. Paradox and Paragraph

A specimen of caricatures in carving by S. D. Banks, who has portrayed Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Viscount Castlerosse. Standing about twenty inches high, these figures are carved and coloured by hand. The originals are for sale

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Shirley

A London snapshot of the Countess of Carrick, the Earl of Carrick's American wife, who was Miss Marion Donoghue. She is the Chairman of the Steel Ball, which is being held in November in aid of Guy's Hospital

The Dean of Windsor at a luncheon-party at the Berkeley, and sitting next to Charlotte Greenwood, the American actress

Below: the Duke of Brontë having lunch at the Blue Train. He owns a lovely villa in Sicily, just outside Taormina; he comes over to London pretty regularly

IT has been Canterbury Week in the cricket world. Old Stagers have been well to the fore, proud to be allowed to wear their I Zingari ties in the daytime, and happy to tread the boards at night for the benefit of the county. Over the I Z. tent floated the "folds of the black, red, and gold": one has only to visualise Lord Portarlington to remember the colours, for he rarely wears any others.

THE names of Weigall, Crutchley and Harris are for ever linked up with Canterbury: Lord Harris and Lady Crutchley were at the luncheon given by the Buffs to the Old Stagers. B. H. Valentine hit a pretty six on to the top of the Canterbury Club tent, which made all the senior members at once recall similar hits in the 'nineties. Spotted on the ground were the Rev. Hugh Longuet-Higgins, Colonel Craufurd Stuart (note the plethora of "u's"), Major Hickman Booth, and General Rodney Style.

AT Lord's, which most of the regular members have rather deserted in favour of our South Coast watering-places, where the bath-chair season is at its brightest, the Public Schools have taken the field. Haileybury established a record by having four in the representative side chosen to meet the Army.

COWES has been very gay, and not only on the Squadron lawns at tea time, though my telescope has shown me Lady Alexander sitting there, in blue and white checked flamenga with, rather appropriately, I think, a navy hem. Miss Marye Pole-Carew kept up the nautical touch by having white anchors on her red triangular scarf.

ONE of the nicest "visiting" yachts to the Regatta has been Virginia, owned by Mr. Errett Cord, who is one of America's youngest and most brilliant "operators." Every room has a bath-room, done in different colours, and the ship

Above: the Master of Gray and the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Campbell-Gray at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the christening of their second son, Cailain Douglas. Angus, their elder son was born in 1931, and their daughter, Fiona, in 1933. Mrs. Campbell-Gray was Miss Doreen Tubbs

Left: the Countess of Radnor and her two elder daughters bathing at Frinton, where they are staying. Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie is eleven and her sister, Belinda, is nine. Lord and Lady Radnor have three other children, all younger: two sons of seven and four, and a daughter of two

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

(Continued)

itself is the last word in American luxury. Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston acted as joint hosts with the owner and his wife at a big dance given on board.

Prince George was one of the guests, Colonel Henry Guest was another, and then follow such famous names in the yachting world as Lord and Lady Camden, with their son, Lord Brecknock, Lady Caroline Agar, General and Mrs. Aspinall Oglander, Lord and Lady Inchiquin, Donna Degna Marconi, Lady Gormanston, and Mr. "Eddie" Tatham.

The last-named is better known for his witty conversation, possibly, than for hauling-up a top-sail, though he can splice the main-brace with the most hardened old salt. He always has the most delightfully vague address when on his holidays—simply says that he is "with the Guinnesses." One might as well say one has gone to stay with the Irish.

It is gala time in the French resorts. Scarcely one hotel has not announced a "grande semaine d'élégance" or a "dîner fleuri." Deauville is attracting a great number of our racing people. Captain "Cardie" Montagu and Colonel "Algie" Howard slipped away there on a Banco machine, after seeing the last race at Goodwood on the Friday. Prince Aly Khan, Sir Hugh Seely, and Mr. Cecil Latta seem to grace every party. Sir Harold Bowden is there with his yacht Maid Marion. Lady Furness is chaperoning Miss Averil Loyd, a not un-pretty débutante. Mr. John Barrow and his wife, who was Jean Grinling, have been seen, and those two bold musketeers, Captain Jock Campbell and Mr. Eskdale Fishburn. I wish that little bird would hurry up and give me news of the last-named, though I gather that Miss Bunting Stevenson has lately been staying with the Ralph Hanké's in their château near Paris—but that is no distance for the open grey Rolls, with its owner at the wheel.

Carroll Gibbons is at the Golf Hotel, with his Savoy Orpheans. Mr. and Mrs. Woolley Hart, Captain Cecil and Lady Doris Gunston were among the big crowd on his opening night.

Pourville does not seem quite itself this season, as Mr. "Billy" Gardner has rather deserted it, having taken a villa at Le Touquet. He was seen at Berck Aerodrome with a very pretty Austrian girl, and with friendly waves he encouraged the Pourville passengers on their journey. Suzanne Lenglen, Barbara Cartland, Dorothy Wilding and Colonel Smallwood have been there; Prince Stourtza comes over most days; he seems to look sadly for the otter hounds, of which he was Master. They are now disbanded, and, I think, run about on the front at Dieppe, with the numerous other hounds which parade there at dawn.

The Royal Hotel is certainly the best in the Dieppe area. It is one of Sir Francis Towle's, and is managed by Mr. Scheck, who brings up his complete staff from the Metropole at Monte Carlo. And his chef cooks fish as well as any on the Continent. Lord Wimborne has been staying there, and he is no mean connoisseur of food. Sir Walter and Lady de Frece were there, passing through to Deauville: Lord Caledon, Sir Vansittart and Lady Bowater, Major and Mrs. Frank Pershouse have all been there recently.

Le Touquet had a bright August Bank Holiday. The nicest residential spot seems to be the Villa Syrie Maugham. Mr. Philip and Lady Mary Dunn were staying there over the week-end. They have a large but exclusive circle of friends; one realises that a nod from either of them is worth a cheerful smile from anybody else. Miss Lisa Maugham makes an excellent joint-hostess with her mother, who is going to sell the villa next year. Mr. Peter Thursby, Sir Anthony Weldon, and Lord and Lady Jersey have been staying there. Sir Julian Cahn has been sighted in the Casino, so have Captain Jefferson Cohn, Mr. Lionel Cohen, and Miss Florence Desmond.

From Monte Carlo comes the news of Mr. Joe Schenck (pronounced Skenk) and Merle Oberon. Are they engaged? They say that they are having a trial engagement, but as they look like being separated from each other for the time being, I fail to see how it is to be a real trial. She is a lovely creature, who has sprung into prominence in British films in the last year, and now it seems that we shall have to lose her. Rarely indeed do we produce a film star.

I hoped to have news from Mr. Frazier Jelke about the Follies show at the Summer Sporting Club: one knows, of course, that they are "lovely, radiant,

Mr. Claud Strickland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claud H. Strickland, of Charing, Kent, and Lady Marguerite Bligh, the only daughter of the Earl of Darnley and Mrs. Chandor, after their wedding at St. John's, Puttenham, in Surrey

Above, right: Mr. A. A. Pitcairn, Black Watch, Major C. G. Stephen, who commands the Black Watch Depot, and Mrs. Stephen at the garden-party given by the officers who are stationed at the Depot, Perth

Right: the Hon. J. D. Carnegie, Lord Southesk's youngest son, who is in the 4-5th Batt. Black Watch, Miss Claudia Blackburn, and Capt. G. A. Rusk, Black Watch, at the garden-party at Doo'cot Park

beautiful dancers, most expensive production ever staged," and all the superlatives on those lines, but he could give me just that personal impression which is so useful. However, Mrs. Paul Leviton (Nina Pearson), who is on her honeymoon in Colonel Beddington's villa at Ospedaletti, writes me that she will be going over there and will give me the news.

SALZBURG has quite recovered from the burst of publicity which it did not quite desire. All is quiet in the town now, except the orchestras, and the music-loving visitors all seem quite happy again and assured that there are not likely to be further outbreaks. The best concert, so far, has been Mengelberg's, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, especially the playing of the Beethoven Pastoral Symphony. Lotte Lehmann has been singing in *Fidelio*, and the great Toscanini is to be there next week.

BY now we must surely have read that "the crack of the rifle is heard across the moor." Sunday is not exactly the day to select in Scotland to loose off one's fowling-piece, even though it be the 12th, and one can have nothing but admiration for the man who can hit driven grouse with a rifle. But prospects are very good in Scotland, and I hear that the heather is nice and high, which makes such a difference.

Lord Wimborne has taken Castle Grant from Lady Seafield, several Americans have booked shootings, including Mr. C. W. Ogden and Mr. Herbert Pullitzer. When the stalking season opens I shall expect to hear that Captain Coombe, now in his seventy-sixth year, has grassed a twelve-pointer in his Strathconan forest. The deer have been fed on potatoes during the winter, which, to deer-stalkers, is a very significant fact.

IN Paris all the winter collections have been shown already. Schiaparelli, who is the famous creator of the streamline and windswept, put the cat among the pigeons (in the world of women) by making and showing a dress made throughout of glass. She has also completely altered the lines of dresses, and now calls them "Conelines." It sounds as though it would make material for a new Russian Ballet of the most modernistic and higher-mathematical kind.

IT was rather a pity, by the way, that the Russian Ballet included the *Contes Russes* so late in their programme. It was only in the last week that this ballet appeared, and now they have all packed up, collected their journey-money from Colonel de Basil, and gone off with their mothers for a romping holiday. They are treated very much as juveniles; even Eglevsky, one of the young male dancers, is bathed each night by his mother and then put to bed.

INTERESTING news comes from Mr. Haig, Secretary for Central Europe of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The circulation of the Scriptures for the first six months of the year shows an increase of 5000 over the corresponding period of last year. The increases have taken place in Austria, Hungary, Poland, and Switzerland. There is no mention of activities in Mayfair in this direction.

MR. PEEPS

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hervey-Bathurst (who was Maureen Gordon) outside the Squadron gardens. They were staying on the Island with Lady Hervey-Bathurst, Mr. Bathurst's mother

A Family Party Setting a Land

Sir Victor and Lady Warrender and their two el who are thirteen and twelve, and home for the summ by the Squadron steps from Sir Victor Warre

Ashore at

The Big Week for Yach

Lieut.-Colonel J. Bennett-Stanford, who is a great personality in the yachting world, is watching the racing with Mrs. Sneyd. His boat, as the ribbon on his cap informs the world, is Oceana

Mr. David Colville and his wife, Lady Joa ville, walking along the Parade. They at Cowes with Mr. Colville's father and n the Hon. George and Lady Cynthia C

Left: Mr. W. L. Stephenson's Velsheda, which was second to Westward in the King's Cup on Tuesday and fourth in the race round the Island on Wednesday

Left: Miss Daphne Stevenson wore trousers, as did hardly any of the other women when they were ashore; she is with Captain English

Below, right: Britannia, with her Royal owner aboard. The King's yacht won the big race in the Royal Southampton Y. C. Regatta

ard Course

r sons, John and Simon, r holidays, coming ashore der's boat, the Norada

Donna Degna Marconi, Marchese Marconi's elder daughter, and Lord William Taylour, Lord Headfort's younger son

Cowes

ts and Yachtsmen

Right: Lord Camrose and his débutante daughter, the Hon. Patricia Berry, coming ashore from his yacht Sona

Col- were other, lville

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Yorke, who are two of this year's young-marrieds, were in the same party at Cowes as the Hervey-Bathursts. Mrs. Yorke was Miss Sally Lindley

A Racing Reverie

Happy Thoughts About Goodwood: By "Regular"

Young Native, Gordon Richards up, being led in after winning the Brighton Cup. Richards had a most successful day and rode four winners

I CANNOT remember a meeting that was greater fun than Goodwood, though the bookmakers most certainly will not agree with me. Almost from the word "Go!", backers struck off on the right leg, and it was not until the last day that we got anything like a bad upset, and then the victories of Zelina and Apollo, in the two final races, more than compensated for the expensive defeats of Caretta and Wychwood Abbot.

FIRST post on Monday most of us got a cheque; the more fortunate of us several cheques. How different it is when it is the backers who have had "the stinker." About Thursday, if he is lucky, the bookmaker gets about a quarter of it, and a post-dated cheque for New Year's Day for another quarter. This is called "hush money," being the amount required to keep him quiet. The remaining half the optimistic backer hopes to win back.

PLEASE do not think I 'm preaching, as Uncle Regular has been bottom weight in the Settling Stakes for years, but I am quite sure that if we *did* all settle "of a Monday," the bookmakers would lay us more generous odds. However, as we 're never likely to, why bring that up?

A GOOD week, however, could not have come at a more opportune moment—just as everyone is preparing to go on their summer holidays, and instead of remaining quietly at Castle Regular, the Mem has decided that we are in a position to partake of a whiff of delicious Casino air at Deauville.

To return to Goodwood, however. The scene of the greatest frivolity was Buck's tent, where Mr. Parry shook his arms out and where, between every race, there gathered the best collection of lovelies you could find anywhere.

IN a wonderful field, I picked out our two youngest Countesses — Warwick and Jersey—and Lady Mary Lygon as the best, but there were only heads and necks between about the first eight.

I AM always struck by the essential decency and wonderful chivalry of the average Englishman, for, no matter how busy or broke he may be, it is never too much trouble to him to stand a pretty girl a glass of champagne. Buck's Club must shelter under its portals many of the most unselfish men in the world, because, although you expect care-free bachelors, like my friend "Guardrail," to have plenty of time to entertain the gals, one does not expect married men, like ——— [No, you don't! This might cost us thousands!—EDITOR.] to bother their heads over them.

Lady Moira Forbes and her sister, Lady Dumfries, at the Royal Dublin Horse Show, held last week at Ballsbridge, Dublin

THE MAHARAJA OF RAJPIPLA let loose rivers of Cliquot '21 from his tent, which lent much conviviality to a memorable occasion and gave us added courage to help ourselves to the good things in the card. It is a curious thing how the merest fancy can become the best thing of the week after a couple of glasses of champagne.

THOSE of you who know Goodwood well, know that to ask for a hot meal there is the equivalent to asking for an "old and mild" at the Royal Garden Party. The Maharaja, however, told "Jumbo" Joliffe that he 'd sooner eat Windsor Lad than cold lobster four days running. "Jumbo" replied that he could have anything he liked. The Maharaja therefore chose hot soles and steak and onions, and mighty good they were, too, though the onions caused Jim Santry to lay me a point under the odds. Where these delicacies were cooked, however, remains a secret.

THE meeting was one long triumph for the Aga Khan and Frank Butters, and surely, never in the history of racing has one stable sheltered such a number of wonderful horses. So good are their two-year-olds that, with the exception of Bobsleigh, who won the Richmond Stakes in storming fashion, no other two-year-olds need come to Ascot next year.

THE AGA KHAN was not present, but Prince Aly Khan was very much on the spot—as the bookmakers are, no doubt, aware, most of them suffering from a severe attack of writer's cramp.

THE ALY is the most enthusiastic racing man I know, and a first-rate judge. He adores racing and he is human enough to love having a bet. "Has the Aly backed it?" a question which is being asked repeatedly, is, however, a superfluous one, as his Highness backs every horse the Aga runs—Theft, at Ascot, being the one exception.

As a few ignorant people appear to think that a stroke was put across them in the Breeders' Produce Stakes, when the outsider, Bahram, beat Theft by a neck, I will tell you that the Aly had exactly ten times as much on Theft, but that both horses ran strictly on their merits.

ONE of my few claims to fame is that I owned the old horse with which Figaro was tried as a two-year-old. This noble animal is now wearing a crown or playing a harp, or whatever horses do when they pass on to another land. I hope the old fellow, though, was looking down at Goodwood last Tuesday—he 'd have been very proud. Bravo, Jack Leach! Yours was a great training feat, and Figaro's the most popular victory I have ever seen in the Stewards' Cup. May that stable of yours soon be full of horses. They could not be sent to a better trainer.

To end up on a strictly social note, I sincerely hope that the practical joke of putting kippers in the engine of your friends' motor-cars will cease immediately. Fried kipper through an exhaust pipe has to be smelt to be believed. I also hope that the brown-and-white shoes worn by a well-known owner-trainer need not be taken seriously—the Royal Enclosure would never be the same without him.

I. G. Emery, Hon. Sec. Olympic and E.G.A.

H. M. Abrahams, the announcer

Right: R. P. Green, Hon. Sec., Council for Wales

G. W. Ferguson, Hon. Sec., Scottish National Sports Association

The Earl of Lonsdale, K.G., President

S. J. Hutchinson, Hon. Sec., Northern Ireland A.A.A.

Sir James Leigh-Wood, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., Chairman

A. S. Turk, Hon. Manager, Men's Athletic Team

Evan Hunter, O.B.E., Sec. British Empire Games and Council for England

A. E. Taylor, Chairman, National Cyclists' Union

W. H. Childs, Hon. Treasurer, Canadian E.G.A.

S. R. Manson, Manager, Canadian Athletic Team

G. D. Sondhi, Hon. Sec., Indian Olympic Association

H. K. Maxwell, Hon. Manager, Australian Team

A. McCormick, Chairman New Zealand British Empire Games

Some in Authority at the British Empire Games

AMONG the many thousands who enjoyed the splendid sport provided by the British Empire Games, it is doubtful if but a few thought of the organisation and attention to detail which went to make such a success of the meeting of athletes gathered together from all parts of the British Empire, at the White City Stadium. Above, our special artist, H. H. Harris, gives his idea of some of those who, though not prominent on the track, helped materially in the heavy task of ensuring what, in theatrical parlance, would be described as a smooth production

Golf Clubs At Home

The "Bystander" at Seacroft Golf Club, Skegness

(1) Col. V. P. Druce (Hon. Secretary and Director) and R. L. Jones (one of the oldest members). (2) E. K. Hancock and H. S. Sparrow. (3) W. F. Jones and W. G. White. (4) L. McCulloch, A Philip and C. Widdonson. (5) A. M. North and R. Henderson. (6) R. E. Frearson and A. W. Gadsdon. (7) W. Grunnill and W. H. Abbot. (8) W. Farnsworth and J. Birkinshaw at the clubhouse

AT ANCHOR OFF COWES

By Chas. Pears, R.O.I.

A fair breeze, a blue sky, good company, and the best of everything.

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. *Brewers Since 1742*

CRAVEN
For your throat's sake - smoke Craven "A"

Lady Zia Wernher, Sir Herbert Wilberforce, Chairman of the All England L.T. Club, Sir Harold Wernher and George Wernher

Captain and Lady May Abel-Smith who, before her marriage, was Lady May Cambridge. They were married in 1931

Lady Dawson of Penn, wife of the celebrated physician and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Bowater, seen at the Club entrance

All England at Wimbledon

The Davis Cup Challenge Round Drew Many Notabilities

Right: Viscount Gage, at one time Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for India, and Lady Gage, a daughter of Lord Desborough

Above: His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, with his wife, Madame Perez de Ayala

Right: the Earl of Minto and his mother, Mary, Countess of Minto, leaving the ground at the conclusion of the contest

Sir Milsom Rees, laryngologist to H.M. the King, and the Duchess of Montellano

Professor Catlin and Mrs. Catlin — *Claude Harris*

The Professor is a well-known authority and writer on political science, and Mrs. Catlin is, perhaps, better known as Vera Brittain, the author. She leaves England in the autumn for a lecture tour in America

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Great Week: By A. G. Macdonell

THE name of Mr. Francis Brett Young's new novel is *This Little World* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), and the title can be taken either literally or universally. You can regard the life of a tiny village of Worcestershire as a self-contained, isolated world of its own; that would be the literal sense of the word "little." Or you can take the tiny village as an example of the ten million tiny villages from Kamschatka to Peru which make the world into such a little place. The trivialities of Mr. Brett Young's Chaddesbourne D'Abitot, multiplied ten million times, have produced Shakespeare and Helen and Newton, and Falstaff and Molière and Omar.

Mr. Brett Young's story is, in essence, the same story as Galsworthy's *Skin Game*, but Mr. Brett Young, after heightening the tension in chapter after chapter, after piling up the cumulation of disaster upon the ancient family of Ombersley, Lords of the Manor of Chaddesbourne, does not pursue the tragedy to the final inexorable end to which Galsworthy would have pursued it. Instead, he sets the stage for High Tragedy, and then hands the writing of the final scene, as it were, to Sir James Barrie.

The Ombersleys had been Lords of the Manor, and had intermarried with the D'Abitots, and had gradually let their affairs slide and slide and slide. Rents were not ruthlessly collected; roofs were not repaired; fences were allowed to decay. It is the story of rural England. The gradual sliding might have gone on for a great many years longer, but the dreaming, fox-hunting, fine-mannered squires suddenly came into contact with an appalling reality when an Austrian Archduke was murdered, and the whole world sprang to arms. Taxes mounted like rockets, death-duties soared, agriculture slumped. Heirs had been killed. On every side the rickety old fabric of feudal landlordism crumbled under the impact. Colonel Miles Ombersley inherited his quota of rickety feudalism in 1922, and *This Little World* is the story of how a very precise, very conscientious, very ancestor-proud, very honourable cavalry Colonel tried to prop up his bit of fabric on the principle of paying all his debts punctiliously and not pressing unduly his debtors. As in the *Skin Game*, there is a profiteer, one Mr. Hachett, who wants to make Chaddesbourne "a going concern," and whose ghastly modern house is a perpetual eyesore to the Colonel. (The ghastly modern house has two bells at its front door—Visitors, and Tradesmen. This is a brilliant touch. It places Mr. Hachett as a life-long urban-dweller in a single sentence.) But this is where Mr. Brett Young allows sentiment to load the dice. Galsworthy's Hornblower had a warm heart, but he was a howling outsider. Mr. Hachett had not only a warm heart, but a touch of Norman blood as well. For the Hachett's had lived in Chaddesbourne as long as the Ombersleys, and had even intermarried with the mighty D'Abitots in the Dark Ages. So in the end, when the landed branch of blue blood found itself, to all intents and purposes, landed in nothing at all except the soup, the commercial branch weighed in and straightened up a lot of difficulties. Perhaps it is an ending that does not satisfy the strict niceties of art, but it is so skilfully worked out that you do not feel a jerk or a clash. And it is with a great relief that one lays down the book on page 600 with the knowledge that Colonel Miles, that lovable, rather stupid, chivalrous gentleman is going to live on at Chaddesbourne to a ripe old age. It is a lovely, exquisite book. Worcestershire is in the very heart of England. There are few there except English folk. It is an English shire, full of English apples, and Mr. Brett Young makes you understand, in some vague, dim way, why this shire should have produced Mr. Baldwin.

"IT is a far cry to Loch Awe" was one of the mottoes of the Clan Campbell (and, as a loyal clansman of Clan Donald, I must add "and a good job, too"). That is my feeling after reading Mr. Peter Fleming's witty and altogether delightful book about his adventures in China, called *One's Company* (Cape; 8*s.* 6*d.*). The man who wrote that something or other (I forget what) is better than a cycle in Cathay, was, to my mind, an exceptionally good judge. Of course, that was before the days of motors, but to judge from Mr. Fleming's book, motoring is just as arduous and exciting a sport in China as cycling could ever have been. But there—it takes all sorts to make a world, and so on, and Mr. Fleming appears to enjoy the society of bandits, assassins, Japanese, lice, missionaries, bugs, commissars, lunatics, and other strangers, to such an extent that I understand he is off again to some perfectly outlandish Asiatic spot in a short time. Those who, like myself, were enchanted by *Brazilian Adventure*, and almost sick with laughter over the Amateur Theatricals in *Variety*, knew exactly the sort of thing we were hoping for in *One's Company*, and we got it. Mr. Fleming is a most remarkable traveller. He can go through the most hair-raising experiences, and the only effect they seem to have on him is to make him write a witty description of them in the most admirable prose and with a great deal of extremely picturesque observation. His description of the wrecking of the Trans-Siberian express, in which he was a passenger, is a perfect example. "It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident," he says. "The weather was ideal," and then he publishes a snapshot, taken by himself, of débris, torn carriages, and twisted rails, with the wicked caption, "The permanent way, as it is called."

But it must not be thought that Mr. Fleming is merely flippant. He has a great deal to say of very great interest about the Reds in China, about the Japanese penetration into China, about the Japanese efforts to stamp out banditry (that is to say, banditry on the small scale; on the large scale, the Japanese are the supreme masters), about the missionaries, and lots of other things besides. He is really a very acute observer, who detests the idea of being mistaken for a sociologist or a student. He is, in effect, an Amateur in the old, and splendid, sense of the word. The Amateurs were people who worked as hard and knew as much as the Professionals, but were much too proud and had far too great a sense of humour to admit that they either worked or knew.

Mrs. C. W. Williams, Miss E. D. Williams, and Miss C. Mellor, three of the tournament competitors

Miss O. Webb and Mr. J. M. Campbell, watching others being active on the courts

A Tourney of Tennis

at Tunbridge Wells

Right : Mr. D. V. Northey and Mrs. Northey, not engaged at the moment, but finding the play interesting

Below : Miss B. I'Anson-Jones and Miss E. Stone, with a spectator who is never allowed on the courts

Above : Mrs. B. R. Lawrence and Miss B. Soames sample something in liquid form secured from the refreshment tent

Left : Umpire and players : Mrs. John Pears, with score-board and pencil, about to take the chair for Miss Thorn and Miss P. M. Weekes

Numbers Engaged—Given a Ring

Miss Monica Lambton

Miss Diana Mills

Left: Miss Diana Mills, only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Mills, of Steventon Manor, and of Mrs. Mills, of Litchfield Grange, Overton, Hants, engaged to Mr. J. A. T. Barstow, elder son of Sir George L. Barstow, K.C.B., and the Hon. Lady Barstow, of Sussex Gardens

Miss Margaret Fripp

Top, left: Miss Monica Lambton, only child of the late Mr. Geoffrey Lambton and Mrs. Leaventhorp, who is marrying Mr. W. J. Anstruther-Gray, M.P., only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Anstruther-Gray, of Kilmany, Fife

Miss Sybil Lascelles

Above, right: Miss Margaret Fripp, second daughter of the late Sir Alfred Fripp, the famous surgeon, and of Lady Fripp, of 19, Portland Place, whose engagement is announced to Mr. H. C. Parr, son of Mr. Robert Charlton Parr and Lady Julian Parr, of The Weir, Hereford

Miss Violet Phillimore

Above: Miss Violet Phillimore, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillimore, of Oxford Square, W.2, whose engagement is announced to Mr. C. W. R. Hill, only son of the late Sir Clement Lloyd Hill, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.P., and Lady Hill, of Silchester Common, Berks

Above: Miss Sybil Lascelles, who is marrying Mr. H. M. Wright, Royal Artillery, second son of Mr. Hugh Wright, of 40, York Mansions, S.W., and the late Mrs. Hugh Wright. Miss Lascelles is the daughter of the late Hon. George Lascelles and the Hon. Mrs. George Lascelles, of Lindze Cottage, Bembridge, I.O.W.

Right: Miss Joan Fisher-Rowe, only daughter of Colonel H. M. Fisher-Rowe, C.B.E., and Mrs. Fisher-Rowe, of Thorncombe, Bramley, Surrey, engaged to Mr. T. Trotter, 60th Rifles, third son of Colonel A. R. Trotter, D.S.O., M.V.O., and Lady Edith Trotter, of Mortonhall, Edinburgh, and Charterhall, Duns

Miss Joan Fisher-Rowe

Photographs by Lenare and Tunbridge

Paul Tanqueray

ANTOINETTE CELLIER, clever young actress who made a great personal success in "Sixteen," at the Criterion, has just left for Hollywood on a seven years' contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Another good girl gone out West. . . .

She is photographed here in a new evening dress designed for her by Alex Lord of Leathercraft, Berkeley Street. It is not made of velvet, silk, cotton, wool, lamé or any of the familiar evening gown fabrics. It started life as some young gazelles. Yes, it is leather, just suède, with which Alex Lord seems to be able to do what she likes. It is tawny pink, of a simple cut, high in the front, down to a low V at the back

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Assembled by Jean Burnup

Children In All Moods

All the dresses on this page are made of Tootal's crease-resisting fabrics. They don't claim they are creaseless, no cotton material can be entirely that; but that they have been treated with a special process that makes them resist and recover from creases, like wool or silk.

ABOVE, left: the girl holding the swing wears a frock in blue and white checked Tootress, a rayon and cotton fabric, obtainable in many charming designs and plain colours. The child on the swing is in pink and fawn check Tootaline, with puff sleeves and pockets to her skirt.

LEFT: a charming and practical frock in brown and fawn check Tootaline, a cotton tweed for practical frocks, rompers, and all children's suits. The belt and bow is brown petersham ribbon. Collar and cuffs take off for laundering.

AT the right, above: a fetching dress in Tootaline. Green skirt and imitation waistcoat, bodice sleeves and collar in green and beige check. The smaller girl's dress is blue and white plaid, made in Tootal's No. 777.

Red-Headed Women in the Sun

THERE is Mrs. Tan, and there is Mrs. Tant. The first can face the sun, and take it. On the chin, on the nose, the shoulders, the legs, anywhere, and possess, in a week or so, an all-over skin the colour of pale mahogany.

Mrs. Tant can't.

She wants to badly.

Perhaps she is a red-head, with her own specialised glamour in winter, but now, adoring the sun, poor dear, she dare not go near it, because red-heads usually have the kind of skin that freckles abominably or goes stiffly pink. Or perhaps her skin is just antipathetic to the sun. Anyhow, for her, life on holiday is peculiarly trying.

But I want to remind her that there is a lot of satisfaction in staying pink-and-white all through the summer, and being the exception among a lot of brownies. Also in not having to suffer that regrettable in-between time next month, when our brown begins to turn yellow. She can do this, and still enjoy the sun, and the wind and all outdoor joys. Guerlain's make a sun-resisting oil, specially for her.

You put a thin coat on the skin before exposure, and lay in the sun, immune.

Sunbathers' Oil to get brown. Guerlain Sunbathers' Oil to keep white.

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RIGHT: yellow sweater, light-brown Bedford cord jodhpurs, light-brown hat and brown elastic-sided boots . . . the perfect summer riding outfit.

And, for all-the-year-round wear, there are light-fawn whipcord breeches, with a dark tweed, slightly waisted coat, white stock, yellow string gloves, brown riding boots and a bowler. From Moss Bros., Riding Department.

ABOVE, left and right: plum and white plaid taffeta, with an attractive yoke, and puffed sleeves. Elegant frock for the little girl-about-town when she goes out visiting or has friends to tea.

A coat that every schoolgirl needs. Navy nap, softly cosy, with comfortable pockets. And the frock to wear under it on chillier days is green check vivella, in a charming design, with a full skirt, a trim waist, and a nice little breast pocket. All three come from Harvey Nichols' Children's Outfitting Department.

Women's Golf

Autumn Foursomes and So On: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FORGIVE me if I am still, metaphorically, rubbing my eyes. For the last three weeks I have been making holiday on Exmoor, where eyes are chiefly used for searching the side of hill or combe for deer or wild ponies, or, nearer at hand, for avoiding the worst of the stones under your horse's feet. Daily newspapers have been as unseen as trains unheard; it has been so much more refreshing to listen to the voice of the moorland stream running below the farm than the raucous shoutings of critics and reformers and politicians. I am, in fact, the complete countrywoman, just coom oop from Zummerzett, full of good air and consequent energy for all the golfing problems of the moment. If my outlook appears, temporarily, rustic, a few days of Autumn Foursomes entries, and such like, will, no doubt, work a speedy cure.

FOR that is the chief thing to be thought about this week: the first appearance of the entry form and conditions for the Autumn Foursomes, which will be played at Ranelagh and Roehampton, Tuesday to Friday, October 9th to 12th. I trust nobody will think that there is plenty of time and the sending of the form can be left till after they, too, have had fresh life pumped into them by their holiday; it is perilously easy to forget the closing date for entries—actually, it is *Wednesday, September 19th*—and most dangerous if your joint handicap happens to be on a border-line, because then priority of entry will decide whether you are in at Ranelagh, in at Roehampton, or suspended on the waiting list. Having grown sceptical, with long use, of intending competitors reading the conditions as set forth categorically, perhaps it is as well to remind people here that the 128 couples with the lowest handicaps play at Ranelagh, on a playing joint limit of 18, and the next lowest 128 at Roehampton, on a playing joint limit of 30. If there is a waiting list of large dimensions, a scratching at Ranelagh means a move to there of the lowest handicap pair at Roehampton, the Roehampton vacancy being filled from the waiting list; if there should be no waiting list, then a walk-over is given in whichever tournament the scratching happens.

I AM looking forward to an entry as large and distinguished as ever; I suppose the British team will hardly be back from America in time, but there are plenty of first-class players outside those eight. It is sad to think of the holders' partnership, the Barton sisters, having to let the cups go without a blow struck in their defence, but maybe Miss Mervyn Barton will find a fresh redoubtable partner for herself, and, after all, if one's sister will run up in the Open and win the French, what can be done to her except send her out to do good work for Great Britain in Canada and America?

I imagine—it is three weeks since I spoke to a golfer, so I speculate entirely off my own bat—that her selection, at all events, will please even the most captious of critics; her length, her youth, her beautiful short game, her splendid temperament, quite apart from her record, make her the ideal player to send. I only wish that Miss Jessie Anderson, who has all the same attributes, had been included too, for she has, in my humble opinion, far better qualifications than several of the team or reserves placed above her.

THE other choice which will satisfy everyone is Miss Doris Chambers as Captain and Manager. Nobody, except those who toured South Africa under her watchful care last winter, can probably estimate what she does for her team. No problem is too big to be tackled courageously, none too small to be listened to sympathetically; she knows when to ride on a loose rein and when to keep a nice feel—forgive my horsey allusions. In plain English, Miss Chambers is the ideal Captain-Manager, because she inspires affection and respect, has seen plenty of the world, golfing and otherwise, and will spare no effort to make her team successful if that be possible, and, at all events, a real credit to their country, welcome visitors wherever they go and whatever they do.

I REFUSE to discuss their chances; criticism at this point of the players chosen can only do harm; the best every golfer can do for the side is to wish them good luck, and assure each of them that they can undoubtedly beat any player in the world if only they will keep their heads down and their hearts up. Here's to you all (in alphabetical order!), Miss Pam Barton, Mrs. George Coats, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Diana Plumpton, Mrs. J. B. Walker. Not forgetting the reserves (in the following nominated order), Miss Elsie Corlett, Miss Garnham, Miss Anderson, Miss Wade, Miss Couper.

WHAT a good little golfer Miss Ferelith Low does prove herself from time to time. I suppose you know that she collected the Dutch Open Championship at Eindhoven the other day, winning the final by 6 and 5 from Madame Laurencin, and I dare say she will also retain her Belgian title, at Fagnes, Spa.

By the way, she and that excellent real Belgian player, Mademoiselle Wiener, mean to play together in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh, and another partnership of which I have also been told already is Lady Carisbrooke and Mrs. Herbert Guedalla. I have hopes of other pairings which will send everybody begging their friends for vouchers to come and watch, but it is no good raising hopes.

I WISH I had been back in time to watch Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Enid Wilson in that exhibition match for St. Dunstan's at Bramley. A championship final between the two, both trained and keyed up for the moment, would have been a golfing event worth going miles to see; probably no other meeting between the two can ever show us just the respective strength of either, since each is pre-eminently the player for the supreme occasion. But Miss Wethered seems to have responded gallantly to her own spur, and four birdies in the last five holes, and a win 2 up, after being 2 down and five to go, was worthy enough going for anybody.—Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Anne Wingate-Grey, daughter of Major W. S. and Mrs. Wingate-Grey, and Miss Hazel Wilkie at North Berwick

Miss Evelyn Coats and Miss Irene Coats, daughters of Mr. P. H. Coats, of Paisley, two more visitors seen at North Berwick

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A cheery party at Croydon before a flight to the Angmering Country Club for a bathe. Lord Donegall is seen in the centre, with Baroness Bodenhausen on his left

By 'Plane to the Beach

By Charles Ward

BY 'plane to the beach is proving a pleasant alternative to an evening on the river, though, at present, it entails an early start if the return flight is to be made before dark. Provincial Airways, of Croydon, which operates daily services from London to Plymouth and the seaside resorts of Devonshire and Cornwall, have organised several bathing parties to the Angmering Court Country Club. The particular party illustrated on the left flew down in two of the Company's Dragons, enjoyed their bathe, an excellent dinner, for which Arthur Giordano's club is noted, and had returned to Croydon by 10 p.m. Until now, facilities for flying in Northern Ireland have been almost non-existent, and in Scotland very poor, compared with those in England. An aerodrome for Belfast at Newtownards is now ready for flying and Airwork, of Heston, will operate the school. Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, who has been an owner-pilot for many years, and has flown across America, to India and Africa, is busy enlisting prospective pupils in the district. Aviation in Scotland has been confined to Renfrew, where the Scottish Flying Club has its headquarters and where John Sword still maintains his services to Campbeltown and Islay, and to the Highland Airways' passenger and mail service between the Orkneys and the mainland. At the end of last month Viscount Arbuthnot declared open a new aerodrome at Aberdeen, which has been started by Mr. E. L. Gandar Dower. Captain Fresson won the arrival competition, and Max Findlay, from Brooklands, who is an Aberdonian, won the handicap race with the old Puss Moth "Amateur Adventure."

MOST of the home racing events have taken place, thus clearing the air for the international speed contest for the MacRobertson Trophy in October. Until the new machines have put in some practice it is impossible to estimate our chances of winning. The D.H. "Comet" and the special Airspeed A.S.8 being built for Neville Stack, are still unknown quantities, whilst most of the foreign aircraft, especially the American, are names only over here. There are 64 entries, 27 of which are for the handicap race, and of the remaining 37, nine have entered for the speed race exclusively. It is expected that the race will be won at about 200 miles an hour, from London to Melbourne, including stops. Returning to domestic events, the S.B.A.C. Challenge Trophy was won at Bristol by Mr. R. Hall, flying a "Cadet" belonging to the Lancashire Aero Club. Sir Charles Rose in his "Hawk" with a Gipsy Six averaged 165 miles an hour and took second place. The race from Heston to Sherburn for the Yorkshire Trophy was won by Mr. J. Micklethwait, a popular local owner, who averaged 104 miles an hour with his Gipsy Moth. A Comper "Swift" made the fastest time, flying at nearly 160 miles an hour and gaining third place.

Motor Notes

Summer motoring: a new hat, sunshine, shadow, and a new car, a Humber "Snipe"

Right: the official team of Riley cars entered for the International Alpine Trial, which started from Nice on Tuesday, August 7th. The route this year took the competitors through six countries in as many days, and included timed climbs on Alpine passes as well as a speed trial

WHAT costs most to produce on a high-grade car compared with "utility" models—super performance, easier control, more luxurious bodywork, or what? There can be no definite answer to this question, but it is probable that the most expensive feature on a car is one which can neither be seen nor heard—silence.

It is not merely a question of exhaust-note silence—though that is not so easy to attain as might be thought. Only too often exhaust noise is actually permitted so as to cloak mechanical noise. With a quiet exhaust, mechanical silence is essential, for nothing is more irritating than the clatter of valves, the rattle of pistons, and the whine of gear-wheels. To quieten these entails expert design, and costly manufacturing precision in every component of the car.

Proof of this was recently obtained by a Coventry firm whose relatively expensive cars have been famous for their silence from the earliest days of the industry. A 10-h.p. car of another make, costing about £240 retail, was purchased, stripped, analysed, and "costed." The Company's engineers found that for this car to be produced to its existing specification, but to their standards of precision and silence, it would have to be sold for £75 more—*i.e.*, £315. This is within £10 of the price of the Company's own 10-h.p. model, which has, in addition, such refinements of design as fluid flywheel transmission, self-changing gear-box, and a worm-driven rear axle—all features which make for silence.

IN spite of their existing extensive factories at Coventry, the Rover Co. have found it necessary to increase their production capacity by the addition of two large shops, each 75 ft. by 160 ft., giving an additional area of 24,000 square feet of floor space. Here production of 1935 models is now in full swing.

The Rover Co. also have a large up-to-date factory near Birmingham, and it is here that the engines, gear-boxes, axles, etc., are built, and then conveyed to Coventry for assembly into the chassis, for body-mounting, testing, and finishing.

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A "Wisden" Retrospect: By "Finger-Spin"

HAILEYBURY having beaten Cheltenham conclusively, and much to my liking, on a Saturday afternoon at Lord's, I was taken by my family to a "talkie" in which preposterous people, dressed up in absurd evening clothes, made love indiscriminately to each other while on a liner. It was quite horrible, but in the evening, at home, after meditating on how well Haileybury had done, I turned to an old and raucous gramophone, whose hideous sounds no one is allowed to let loose on pain of death. By chance, I put on a record of Caruso singing one of his more frivolous airs. At once the bad taste which these inferior cinema actors—or, rather, they should be called "stars"—had left in my mouth vanished. I was hearing something of the very highest class; mediocrity was put in its proper place, for I always grade Caruso with such artistes as W. G. Grace, E. M. Baerlein, Liddell—whose running, I declare, has never been surpassed—and Sir Harry Lauder. For some reason I flew at once to my old *Wisden* to wallow in the names of the great and their wonderful achievements. I was obsessed with the idea of grandeur, and I sat ever so long pondering in my mind just who could be admitted to the most select company of all.

That Classical Contest

Above: Watts, a useful Surrey all-rounder, playing a ball from Gunn between Lilley and Voce in the match against Notts at the Oval. Watts made 57

Left: E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey Captain, batsman and bowler too, who has provided the County followers with some very entertaining cricket

The Surrey Captain

I TRIED to recollect what, in my limited experience, had been the most noble deeds I had seen on the cricket field, and who were the principal actors. I had at once to admit that I could not possibly truly appreciate "W. G.", the greatest—immeasurably the greatest of all—for I had seen him only long after his prime. But, for all that, I put him down first on my list. Why not? My father always insisted on this belief; he was as strict on this point as he was insistent that never was I to sit down to breakfast before I had put on my outdoor shoes or boots. And I am sure he was right.

My earliest enjoyment of cricket was on the Hove ground, when, under the surveillance of a singularly unintelligent master, we sat, a group of open-mouthed, hero-worshipping schoolboys. And so I saw "Ranji." Would you believe that there are those who troop from one cricket ground to another, talking about Bradman, who never saw "Ranji" bat? "Ranji," who never seemed to be armed with anything bigger than a wisp of straw for a bat, but who played strokes the like of which have never been seen since. "Ranji," standing in the slips with his hands in his pockets, his sleeves buttoned up and always the effect of that silk shirt ballooning out at the back, but so tremendously quick that never a snick from the bat could evade him. Yes, he was my first real hero.

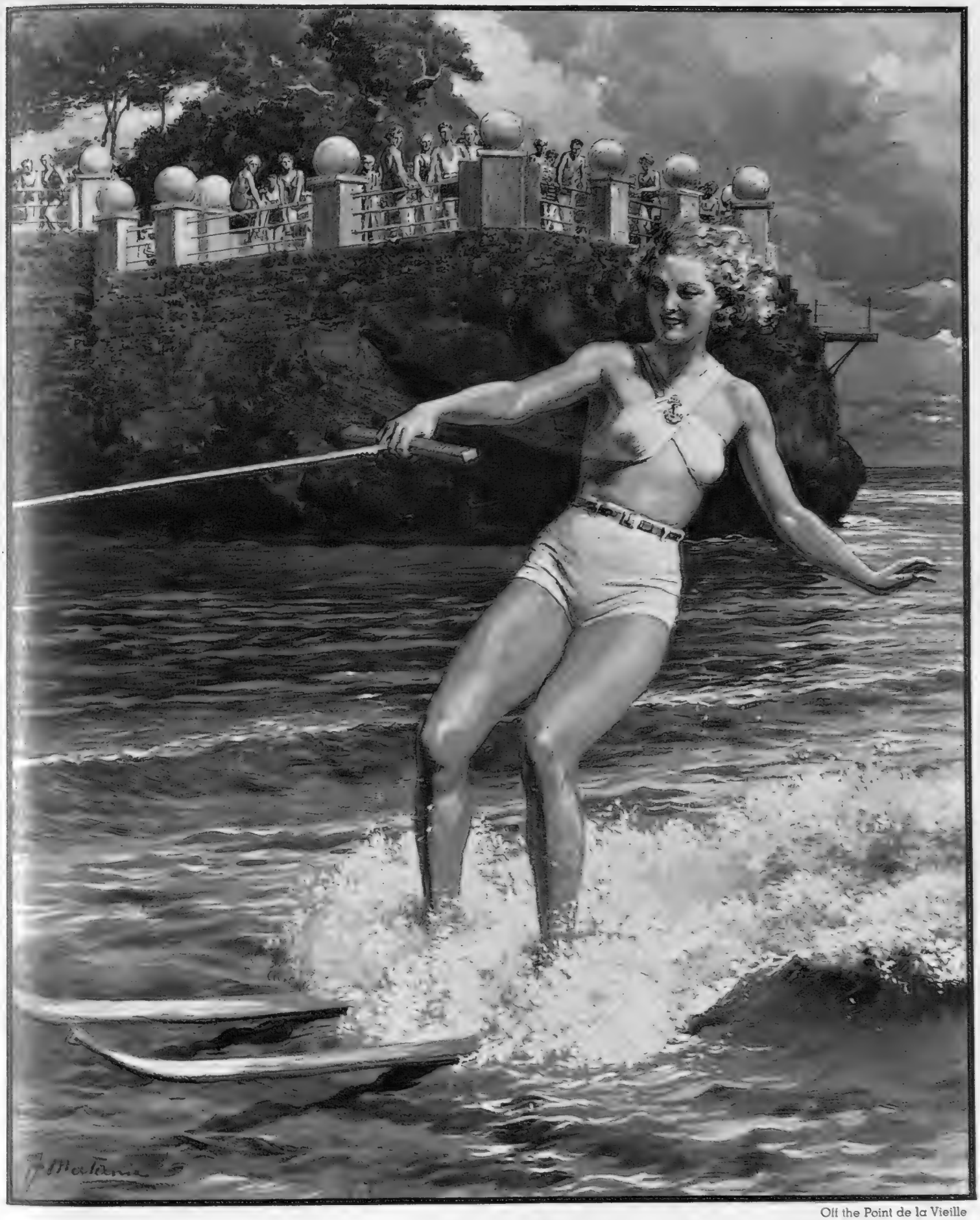
C. B. FRY, too, was a tremendous pleasure, for the young mind could not fail to perceive in him the perfect athlete, and we were not then allowed to analyse technique. Had we been so permitted, then, no doubt, we would have appreciated him even more fully. There followed a period when J. R. Mason was the only man in cricket who mattered one little bit to me. I saw in him the perfection of the manly and courteous cricketer, and it was noticed by my schoolfellows that whatever form of dab-cricket we played under the trees on a Sunday afternoon, Mason invariably made a century and took never less than six wickets in an innings—such was my method of scoring.

But Kent was then full of personalities fit for admiration. I can still clearly see some of those sides on the St. Lawrence ground at Canterbury, and it is no disrespect to those who play there now to say that the like of the former generation will never be seen again. Blythe, of imperishable memory; Fielder, bowling to an amazingly efficient array of slip fieldsmen; and Kenneth Hutchings in the deep. He may not have been quite so sure as David Denton, of whom it was always said that batsmen never waited to see the ball land in his hands, so certain were they that they were out if it was anywhere within reach, but he was the quickest and the most deadly returner of the ball that I can remember. His batting was, in my opinion, the most exhilarating that I have seen. The firm-footed blow which he gave the ball, with actually nothing more than a flick of the wrist, was phenomenal, and I can still hear the buzz of excitement when he knocked over a stove, on which water was being boiled for tea, and partially set fire to a swagger tent, at Canterbury.

NAMES were coming to my mind so quickly that I was beginning to find it hard to differentiate between the truly great and the very nearly great. Jessop, of course, one innings he played in a Festival match at Hastings standing out above all others. Quite of a different kind, I remember oh! such a wonderful innings, played by Johnny Tyldesley on a pig of a wicket at Old Trafford, and then, crash! it came to my head that next to "Ranji" the batsman who had given me most uncontrollable delight was George Gunn.

To see George Gunn, in the space of two hours or so, play two totally different games, dictating to his own liking the length, pace, and everything else of the confused bowlers, was to see batsmanship at its most eminent greatness.

For a long time my thoughts wandered on, but I was quite definite about bowling. I was certain that Barnes was the best of all; I could see him, standing as I was then close to the sight-screen at Lord's, bowling to a South African side which was anything but weak in batting, and the like of the tribulation he caused cannot be imagined. In the end, there was no finality to my deliberations. I was only left rather sad because I could never see such lovely things again, and the next morning my *Wisden's* lay disconsolately and rather reproachfully in a heap on the floor. But I had lived for a matter of two or three hours.



Off the Point de la Vieille

The Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—a new production straight from New York — will be at the SUMMER SPORTING throughout the Season

MONTE CARLO BEACH

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

IT was only a day or so ago that I took some time off from watching—and writing of—sport to go into my garden and see just what could be done about a particularly vicious pile of weeds that had come creeping up to throttle my best plants and surround my apple-trees with their dank greenness. A pretty tough job of it I had, to be sure, but with that virtuous feeling of work well done, I got those weeds into a tidy heap and then, in the best manner of a criminal, destroyed the evidence of my neglect in the fierce glory of a bonfire.

Swirls of smoke went sweeping away over the garden wall. . . . and then came a hail; I popped up my head, and there, trying to look apologetic, was a cheery chap in cricket kit. Would I awfully mind, but they were just going to start a match and the smoke was a bit disconcerting?

Well, of course, that ended my bonfire. I beat out the flames, loaded up my pipe, and sat on the garden wall to watch twenty-two club cricketers — and not the best club cricketers, at that — have an afternoon's fun.

And very good fun it was. No lying "doggo" here; no ca' canny sitting on the splice; no bowling merely to keep down the runs. These fellows hit out—or got out. And so the runs came clattering on the primitive-looking score-board all through that glorious afternoon of high summer.

FROM the match over the garden wall, I find my text for a bit of sermonising on first-class cricket. Straightaway, I would say how much a spirit of adventure like these club players showed is needed these days, with our county players, no longer mesmerised by the averages and the Championship percentages, having a "go" at the bowling.

Not, mind you, that I regard mere reckless hitting as the cream of cricket. That's not my view of things. But on perfect, run-getting wickets just lately—and we have had some bowler's heart-breakers this season of drought—I have repeatedly seen batsmen solemnly treating "stuff" which should have been flayed all over the ground.

Take Sussex, for instance. Here is a joyous county side, if you like, now shackled by the chains of County Championship leadership. Over-caution is the keynote of Sussex these days: gone is the old gasconading batsmanship, to give way to much robot-like defence that has taken nearly all the colour out of one of our most enterprising county teams.

As it is, Sussex are in very real danger of losing their hold on the championship title through their safety-first policy. I saw them stumble to their first defeat of the season at the Oval . . . and they lost, I insist, only because they over-exaggerated the merit of Surrey's attack. Even when "Tich" Cornford, their tiny wicket-keeper, showed, in the first innings, how the Surrey attack should be faced, they kept on in a spirit of dull care.

Mr. Stephenson, on board his yacht Velsheda, keeping a sharp look-out, with Captain Mountfield at the wheel. Velsheda was beaten by Mr. Davis's Westward in the race for the King's Cup, in the recent meeting at Cowes

Above: Alan Key, the well-known old Cranleighan and Rugby International half-back, after his marriage to Miss Sybil Crossley at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington

Left: John Cobb being congratulated by Mr. Railton, the designer of the record-breaking car which was driven by the former at a speed of more than 140 m.p.h. at Brooklands

CURIOUSLY enough, it is Lancashire, whom we have grown to regard as a sit-on-the-splice eleven, who have been giving us some attractive cricket just lately. Apart from their war of attrition with Yorkshire, in that grim Bank Holiday affair at Old Trafford, they have been taking the short-cut to victory in quite a number of games.

Tradition dies hard, and Lancashire's slowness has become a by-word wherever cricketers meet and talk; but believe me when I say that these men from the North are keyed up to make a death-or-glory finish in the County Championship. They have an even-money chance of beating Sussex on the post . . . and this despite the fact that four of their six remaining matches are away from home.

What about Yorkshire? I can hear you ask the question. Well, I think that the county of the Broad Acres will, for once, have to give the county title a miss. They have sacrificed much of their strength in the larger issue of Test cricket, and though they meet Sussex in the last game of the season, they would seem to have lost too much lee-way in the championship race.

AND now, for a paragraph or so, I would like to take you back to that great bit of Empire showmanship which we saw at the White City. I mean, of course, the Empire Games, which, as I told you some weeks ago, was the tit-bit of our wonderful summer of sport. London has had nothing like it since the Olympic

Above: Phil Edwards, of British Guiana, striding to victory in the 880-yards final heat at the British Empire Games at the White City

Below: Harry Hart, of South Africa, another competitor in the British Empire Games at the White City Stadium, putting the 16-lb. shot 48 ft. 1¾ in. to win this field event

Above: Philip S. Snow, the Oxford University "Soccer" Blue, with his bride, Miss Janet E. B. Kendall, after their wedding, which took place at St. Edward's School Chapel, Oxford

Left: Commr. H. G. Stoker, D.S.O., the well-known actor, a semi-finalist in the Naval Veterans' Lawn Tennis Championship He commanded the first submarine to pass through the Dardanelles during the war

Games of 1908, and even that old-time Olympiad could not produce so many record-breakers as we have just recently had on view.

But, apart from the record-making times, I was struck by the good-fellowship shown by the competitors one toward the other. I 'm not, I hope, one of those precious flag-waggers (goodness knows, the bonds-of-Empire horse has been ridden pretty heavily), but I do believe that these Games have done much to give us a new conception of the stuff of which we British folk are made.

What a charming crowd are, for instance, the South African athletes. There is big Harry Hart, whom it was my good fortune to meet the other day. A great fellow is Hart; 15-stone of bone, muscle and good humour. A bit of a "character," too, is this South African policeman, treating all his record-making feats as a huge joke.

As a matter of fact, I was told how he broke the shot-putting record while training at the White City. Bevil Rudd, an Olympic champion in his day, put his hat down some fifty-odd feet away from Hart and challenged the shot-putter to score a "bull's-eye." And along came that 16-pound shot and crashed down an inch from Rudd's hat! Great "shooting" that, for to heave that 16-pound slab, let alone get any sort of direction with it, is a job only for such husky folk as the stalwart Hart.

The White City was simply oozing with good stories of these men and women athletes of the Empire. Why, wasn't it J. P. Metcalfe, the brilliant Australian high-jumper, who went to considerable time and trouble to give some coaching advice to a promising, but untutored, rival? And little spontaneous acts like these are, I may say, likely to do more good among the Empire's sons and daughters than any amount of high-flown rhetoric from some well-fed politician.

By the way, one other thing struck me about the Games, and that was England's bold policy in the swimming events at the vast new Empire Pool. We went in for a youth policy; and this, not so much with the idea of doing any shattering performances in the Games, as with a view to finding a team worthy to represent Britain in the Olympiad in Berlin a couple of years hence.

(*Continued on page* ii)

Players in the News

By F. G. L. Fairlie

Swaebe

Mr. Justice Horridge, Judge of the King's Bench Division of the High Court, driving off the first tee at Llandrindod Wells

THE news has just come through that Francis Ricardo, of Addington, has become the new Belgian Amateur Champion. The event was decided on the course at Spa, and Ricardo just defeated Francis Francis by two holes up with one to play in the final. He deserves many congratulations, not merely for winning the title, but also for defeating such an improved and dangerous golfer as Francis. Some day soon the latter is going to go just that one better which will land for him an event of importance, and from that moment the, at present, better-known players will have a job to hold him. Ricardo we all know to be a thoroughly competent player who is likely to beat the best at any time, and I am glad that he is justifying the faith which his many friends have in his golf.

THE Belgian Amateur Championship has always been very popular with British players, and for several excellent reasons. It is frequently played at Le Zoute—a very fine example of a very fine golf-course, for which John Morrison was, I believe, chiefly responsible—and that is an asset in itself. It is also not so large as to become unwieldy, although the quality of the entry is frequently high. It is never so serious that it becomes the grave of enjoyment, although the will to win is there all right in the case of every competitor. Next year, I think, it is due to return to Le Zoute, and I can imagine no more delightful holiday than to compete: make a note of it for future reference when planning your holidays for next year.

THE news has also just come through that T. D. Armour has once again won the Canadian Open title. Armour is the perfect example of what diligence—and America—can do to a good-class amateur. He was no more than that when he first went to America just after the war, but he had one great asset on which to lay the foundations of his success which was to come later—a great aptitude for iron-club play in all its forms. He was no particularly good driver, however, and his putting was much worse than that. Very soon the weaker points in his game disappeared: he was told how to putt, and he practised until his putting was just as good as the next fellow's—which, in view of the fact that the next fellow was any American professional golfer, speaks for itself. His driving became, as in the case of most professionals, more or less automatic.

Swaebe

Mr. Justice Holman Gregory, Common Serjeant of the City of London, was also photographed on the Llandrindod Wells first tee on Bank Holiday

THE result is known to the world, and this latest Canadian Open Championship which he has added to his bag is merely another tribute to his diligence. He played very steady, accurate golf throughout for a total of 287. He got a flying start with a 69 for the first round, and was ahead of the field all the way. His last round was his worst—a 74—but as he had partially blown up in the first nine holes, being then three over an average of fours, it must be acknowledged to him that his homeward half of 35 was full of brave endeavour, and deserved to give him the victory. His aggregate for the four rounds was two better than that of K. Laffoon, who is the professional at Denver, and five better than the aggregate of the three distinguished golfers who tied for third place. These were Willie Macfarlane (another American-Scot), Harry Cooper (who was born in London), and F. Coleman, who hails from California. In passing, I might remark that I have always wondered at the number of merely average British amateurs who, settling in America, and turning professional, immediately contrive to become playing professionals of the very first class. Can it possibly be that I am right about the value of practice?

[Large "No!" from Lossiemouth!]

THIS year's Canadian Championship was interesting from another point of view. In the first place, E. Sarazen, that cheerful and polished golfer, finished well down the list. Sarazen, who finished second in this year's American Open to Olin Dutra, was thought to have an excellent chance of winning the British Open, which Henry Cotton so magnificently won for Britain, and I am afraid he must be passing through a lean golfing period. However, so good a golfer is bound to pop up again, well to the front, before many months are past. Walter Hagen suddenly flared back into the limelight during the third round of the Championship, when he accomplished a great 66 with all his old pomp and circumstance; but the last round put paid to his aspirations.

FINALLY, and with regard to a paragraph which I recently wrote on this page referring to the record-breaking achievements of R. A. McKinna, I have had the opportunity of a chat with a good judge of golf who is well acquainted with McKinna's capabilities. He tells me that McKinna is really very good, and that he is seldom subject to that depressing failing of most golfers—a sudden and complete loss of form. Of course, the recent orgy of record-breaking which he indulged in at the expense of the many good golfers in the field was a little better than usual—still, McKinna apparently is a very sound performer indeed, and likely to be heard of quite a lot in the future. I notice as I write that, competing in the East Lothian Tournament, held recently, McKinna returned a score of 72. As it happens, this was not good enough to win, for scoring was very low and three competitors returned 69: but it seems a pretty good score to me. I shall watch the golfing future of R. A. McKinna with great interest: and I hope others will watch, too. A good many young players in Scotland at the moment would repay very careful watching . . . if anyone is already thinking of two years hence and the Walker Cup.

Their Native Heath—(*Continued from page 279*)

The presiding genius of the place, Colonel Miller, began life as an indigo planter when he went down from Cambridge, simultaneously spending nine years as a trooper in the Behar Light Horse. He wears suède shoes, prunes all the two thousand roses himself, and never seems to leave the place. He used to be a member of the famous Rugby team which includes his two brothers and Jack Jones, who were unbeaten for eight years, and incidentally knocked the stuffing out of the Americans.

OTHER high-lights among the members are the Duke of Alba and the Nawab of Tank (it is hard to say how good or bad the latter is, because he still hires his ponies; but when his pony gets to the ball he hits it very hard). The Marquis de Portago is probably the best-looking member when he is there, except, possibly, Lord Louis Mountbatten—also when he is there. There is, too, the Duke of Roxburghe, who is in the Blues, but not very well mounted. He had the satisfaction the other day of having his handicap at polo raised from o to one. Well, that, at least, is a start.

The great point about Roehampton is that, as I say, people do not put on their best dresses to go there. They go in order to play games themselves. It is a real members' club, and those who feel lazy cannot do better than lounge about the gardens, which are famous for their irises, peonies, roses, and water-lilies, as well as for the remarkable flocks of sparrows.

To end on a nature note, there are at the moment wild duck in the sunken garden, a litter of fox cubs near the sixteenth green, and any number of hedgehogs prowling round the eighteenth, not to mention an unknown number of badgers and a kingfisher, which was seen the other day to catch seven sticklebacks in the course of one hour.

As a final note to illustrate the atmosphere of Roehampton, Colonel Miller and four members recently caught something like a dozen goldfish on bent pins when nobody was looking.

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This new 20 h.p. Vauxhall Big Six is the kind of car you would expect to cost from £450 to £500. It is a big, luxurious saloon in the true Vauxhall tradition, yet the price is only £325, and next January the tax will be down to £15. For over thirty years Vauxhall have been building outstanding motor cars, but never before have they offered such remarkable value for money as in this new Big Six. It is an all-feature car with entirely automatic chassis lubrication, pedomatic starting, vacuum controlled ignition, Synchro-Mesh gears, self-returning direction indicators and Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation.

The Big Six is also available with a 27 h.p. engine at no extra charge.

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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 315)*

There were three fourteen-year-old girls in England's swimming team. They did admirably, all things considered; but far more important is the fact that they have now had experience of world-class competition. The Empire Games over, they now have two years ahead of them in which to train on to secure places in our Olympic team, and with their development, both physically and in experience, they should help Britain to regain some of those titles which the Americans have so very calculatingly acquired.

And now to boxing, though the only thing that comes to mind about the fight game at the moment is the manner in which the big promoters seem to have missed opportunities to stage open-air bouts this glorious summer. Up on the Liverpool Football Club's ground at Anfield they got some 20,000 folk to see Nel Tarleton regain the feather-weight title from Seaman Tommy Watson, and a good crowd were at the Vetch Field, Swansea, when Harry Mizler kept his light-weight championship. But, apart from those fights, and some very successful shows at Wandsworth, there have been no outstanding open-air tournaments since Harvey lost to Petersen, in June.

It seems, too, that we have to wait until September, when we get some "overcoat nights," for a really big under-the-sky show. I mean, of course, the promised contest for the Empire heavy-weight title between Jack Petersen and the coloured Canadian, Larry Gains. As yet, this bout is getting very little publicity, but I expect a sudden rush of interest when the all-important Test Match, which starts next Saturday, is over and done with. This fight is going to be a pretty tough proposition for Petersen, for in Gains he will be meeting his most difficult opponent since he began his professional career. The British champion will be conceding something like four stone—plus any amount of fight experience—but I think he will have the measure of his man. The very cheery and likeable Gains cannot, after all, be regarded as in his first flush, whereas Petersen showed when he beat Harvey that he is steadily gaining in ringcraft while losing nothing of his old "devil" and zest for good, honest punching.

I find that I have no more space in which to tell you how I fancy England to win the fifth and final Test—our fast bowlers, I feel, will do the trick this time; nor how Perry is my fancy to carry off the American Lawn Tennis Championship once again—even though he has just gone through a love-set with the very charming Mary Lawson!

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (16th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th and 14th. No Qualifying Round.

Open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1934.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 27th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in all numbers till August 21st.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Chalienge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 10th, and their mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks. Terms: 18s. per day.

Baylis House Hotel, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, Bucks. Terms: 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch.

Farnham Common Private Hotel. Terms: 12s. per day, or 10s. 6d. without lunch.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship, 16th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1934

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, August 27th.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No......

Date and year of birth ..... Club, if any .....

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(10th Year) Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Wednesday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgement does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any Bystander Foursomes final during 1933 or 1934, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1934 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—A historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; an excellent holiday play: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH SALAD.—Hilda Trevelyan as the mother of a family hit by the slump; Leonora Corbett as her daughter-in-law, Vera Lennox, Ellen Pollock, A. R. Whatmore, and Aubrey Dexter as some more of the family: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary; Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell; Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Anna Burden), who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SOUR GRAPES.—A comedy by Vincent Lawrence, with film-star Constance Cummings and Nicholas Hannen playing lead; also Roger Livesey and Judy Gunn: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ONE OF THOSE THINGS.—A parody revue, led by Ivy Tresmand: Fortune, 9.0.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura La Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES.—Mystery indeed. Conjuring up memories of one's youth, though an entertainment for young and old: Little, twice daily, 2.30 and 8.15.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

A HARLEM RHAPSODY.—An all-black revue, put across by Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds": Coliseum, Aug. 20th.

CINEMAS

A CUP OF KINDNESS.—The Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce filmed, and GREEN EYES: New Gallery.

A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES.—With Aline McMahon as the woman, and Paul Kelly playing opposite her: Capitol.

CLEOPATRA.—Claudette Colbert as the lovely Egyptian, and Henry Wilcoxon as Mark Antony; the production is Cecil B. de Mille, and stupendous: Carlton.

KISS AND MAKE UP.—A romantic comedy about a fashionable beauty parlour, with Cary Grant, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Mack, and E. E. Horton as stars, plus the 1934 Wampas Baby Stars: Plaza.

LIEBELEI.—A German film, featuring Magda Schneider, and 90% SOUTH: Academy.

LILIES OF THE FIELD.—A comedy in which Winifred Shotter, Ellis Jeffreys, and Anthony Bushell take the leading part: Leicester Square Theatre.

MURDER ON THE RUNAWAY TRAIN.—The film's contribution to the vogue of the thriller; Charles Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel help to provide the thrills. And WARN LONDON, with an English cast including Edmund Gwenn, John Loder and Leonora Corbett: Empire.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's excursion into Imperial Rome makes a grand holiday "flick": Marble Arch Pavilion.

STAND UP AND CHEER.—A Presidential plan for cheering up America makes exuberant comedy; Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, John Boles, and Shirley Temple, the baby star, are in the cast: Regal.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.: Tivoli.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-night: Mixed programme, including Tchaikovsky, Bax, Berg, Debussy; solo viola, Lionel Tertis.

Aug. 15th: Brahms Concert; solo piano, Solomon.

Aug. 16th: Haydn-Mozart Concert.

Aug. 17: Beethoven Concert; solo piano, Katharine Goodson.

Aug. 18th: Mixed programme; soloists are Sir H. Walford Davies, Conchita Supervia, Harold Williams, Lisa Minghetti.

Aug. 20th: Wagner Concert; singers, Mary Jarred and Parry Jones; piano, Ernst Toch.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Walsh and Baker, entertainers at the piano; Reginald Foresythe and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—"Frivolities of 1934" at midnight; Dare Lea's band. In the grill-room, *Chez Nous*, Queenie Leonard and Edward Cooper entertain.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner, or supper: extension night, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" in a special summer show; Teddy Joyce and his band do a cabaret turn, as well as play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng is again in residence every midnight; Jock Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—John Hendrik sings; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band; cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

ANGMERING COURT CLUB, Sussex.—Sea-bathing, golf, riding, tennis, and dancing at week-ends; excellent food; one can stay at the Club.

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

CHATEAU BLEU CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming in the pool; boatin' on the river; tennis; dancing every evening.

DOWNS HOTEL, Hassocks, Sussex.—A place to stay as well as drop in; Sussex Downs scenery. There's a Restorium with artificial sunlight treatment to supplement heat-waves.

EMPIRE POOL, Wembley Stadium.—England's first "waving-bath," where one can swim and dive daily from 7 a.m. to midnight for 1s.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HIND'S HEAD, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

HOWARD Park, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds: swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis, special arrangements for guests arriving by aeroplane.

HUNGARIA RIVER CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming and sun-bathing; dancing; Douglas Byng and the Western Brothers will be appearing in the cabaret.

MARTIN'S SWIMMING POOLS, Wokingham.—A most attractive place to swim, which is slightly more expensive (2s. 6d.) on Sundays, from 3 p.m. Light refreshments.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

SHOW BOAT, Maidenhead.—Swimming; dancing to Jack Allan's band from Great Fosters. Special attractions on Saturdays.

SPINNING WHEEL, and ST. CROSS HOTEL, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming, and the pool has specially filtered water.

CRICKET

Australia v. the Army: Aldershot, Aug. 15th.

England v. Australia, fifth Test match: the Oval, from Aug. 18th.

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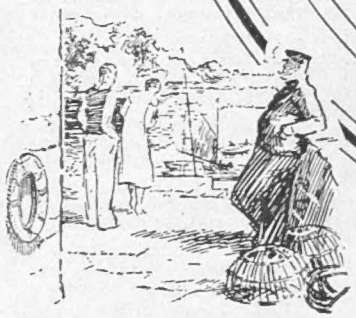

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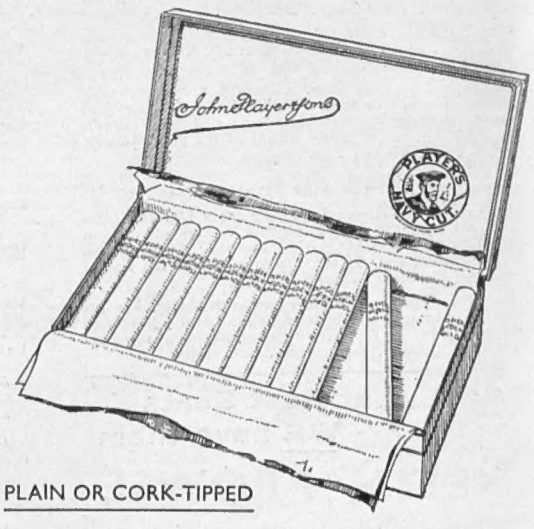

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"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions: July Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Leyshon-David	Swansea Bay	80	16	64	74	10 below
Mrs. C. Barker	Sand Moor	83	17	66	74	8 "
Miss Phyllis Moore	Stratford-on-Avon	72	4	68	75	7 "
Mrs. Benson	Walmer & Kingsdown	81	14	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Leete	Bramhall	86	18	68	75	7 "
Mrs. J. Anderson	Oxley Park	84	18	66	73	7 "
Mrs. H. Pape	Huddersfield	81	10	71	77	6 "
Miss Langford	Buxton & High Peak	79	12	67	73	6 "
Miss E. Farnsworth	Coxmoor	80	14	66	72	6 "
Miss A. Dick	Gosforth Park	86	16	70	76	6 "
Mrs. Ambrose	Camberley Heath	86	17	69	75	6 "
Mrs. W. E. Stephenson	Tyneside	86	17	69	75	6 "
Miss J. Dickinson Fair	Ormskirk	86	17	69	75	6 "
Miss M. E. Watts	Pyecombe	79	17	62	68	6 "
Miss Barnard	Beverley	84	18	66	72	6 "
Mrs. Tolley	Oakdale	88	18	70	76	6 "
Miss L. A. Taylor	Cleethorpes	84	18	66	72	6 "
Mrs. Clement	Ringway	70	2	68	73	5 "
Mrs. J. O. Fane	Basingstoke	79	10	69	74	5 "
Miss E. M. Moxon	Woodsome Hall	88	13	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Boon	Dulwich & Sydenham	85	14	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Bedford	Walmley	85	16	69	74	5 "
Mrs. J. H. Harper	Ashton Wood	89	18	71	76	5 "
Miss M. J. Couper	North Berwick	73	1	72	76	4 "
Miss B. Lees	Huddersfield	77	4	73	77	4 "
Mrs. A. Bason	Prestbury & Upton	76	4	72	76	4 "
Miss K. Bentley	Olton	76	6	70	74	4 "
Miss Vera Small	Notts	81	8	73	77	4 "
Mrs. W. H. Gray	Sherwood Forest	81	9	72	76	4 "
Miss E. P. Robson	Wanstead	84	13	71	75	4 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps 19 to 36)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. Butcher	Highcliffe Castle	87	36	51	69	18 below
Mrs. Ledingham	Aberdeen	90	26	64	78	14 "
Mrs. A. W. Painter	Ashton-in-Makerfield	94	36	58	72	14 "
Miss B. Riley	Moor Park	90	28	62	75	13 "
Mrs. I. Newman	Rushcliffe	90	31	59	72	13 "
Mrs. H. F. Curtis	Wanstead	92	29	63	75	12 "
Miss R. Dyson	Woodsome Hall	95	32	63	75	12 "
Mrs. M. Bramwell	Withington	98	36	62	74	12 "
Mrs. E. Webster	Stanmore	95	28	67	78	11 "
Mrs. Watson	Camberley Heath	92	28	64	75	11 below
Miss M. Morris	Bromley & Bickley	90	28	62	73	11 "
Miss G. Pugh	Coxmoor	93	32	61	72	11 "
Mrs. E. Putnam	Newport (Mon.)	99	36	63	74	11 "
Miss M. O'Sullivan	Newport (Mon.)	83	19	64	74	10 "
Mrs. M. Leach	Shipley	88	22	66	76	10 "
Miss G. Braddell	Bournemouth	96	29	67	77	10 "
Mrs. R. J. Seldon	Tiverton	102	36	66	76	10 "
Mrs. C. G. Simmons	Ferndown	102	36	66	76	10 "
Mrs. Doubleday	Northenden	101	36	65	75	10 "
Miss C. Thornton	West Bradford	97	36	61	71	10 "
Miss M. W. Fox	Keighley	97	28	69	78	9 "
Miss D. Christopherson	R. Blackheath	95	30	65	74	9 "
Mrs. F. E. Hackett	Walmley	95	30	65	74	9 "
Mrs. Francis	Beeston Fields	95	30	65	74	9 "
Mrs. E. G. Cook	Northampton	98	32	66	75	9 "
Mrs. F. Lobley	Thonock	97	34	63	72	9 "
Mrs. Stokes	Sale	99	35	64	73	9 "
Miss D. M. Fenton	Fleetwood	103	36	67	76	9 "
Mrs. Mervyn Hughes	Welshpool	102	36	66	75	9 "
Mrs. M. F. Bateman	West End (Halifax)	98	36	62	71	9 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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